

THE FORTNIGHTLY

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SOME ASPECTS OF EDUCATIONAL RECONSTRUCTION

BY SIR CYRIL NORWOOD

SOME eighty years ago Abraham Lincoln uttered his famous saying that it was impossible for the United States to exist half-slave and half-free: in another and even grimmer form the same problem faces the whole world to-day, a problem from which there is no escape and which allows no possibility of compromise. We are constantly bidden to define our war aims more clearly, but surely they are so obvious that they cannot be mistaken. We fight in the first place for our own lives, and in the second to decide on what conditions life on this earth shall continue. Will it be a world in which a 'master-folk' issues directions to its clients, and assigns tasks to its helots? Or one in which peoples, great and small, can build in freedom and increasing good-will a life of growing co-operation? I shall assume in this article that Hitler will not win this war, and I shall try to examine in very broad outline the nature of the education which will fit the citizens of this country to be equal to the part which they will be called upon to take in the establishment of such a true 'new order' of the world.

It is desirable, if possible, to avoid vagueness, and therefore, so far as may be, to visualize the situation which will exist in the years immediately following on the war. There will be a distrust of pacts and protocols, treaties and leagues, a reluctance to rely upon the artifices of diplomacy, or the wishful thinking of idealists. That will not matter, since the real and genuine foundation on which the future of the world can be built will be there, much more plainly visible than it is even now, namely, the indissoluble union of interest, thought and ideals which will bind together Great Britain, the Dominions and the United States. Between them they will command the oceans and the air, and guarantee the freedom of the ways of the sea and the paths of the skies to men of good will: they will command wealth inexhaustible, and man-power in quantity and quality unsurpassable. This strength they must not com-

promise or let slip, for upon its unchallengeability depends the well-being of the small and gifted peoples of Europe, and of the unborn nation-states of India and China. It is the condition of all advance.

Neither on this side of the Atlantic nor on the other will democracy emerge unchanged, or free to return to the individual irresponsibility and license which have marked the past. There will of necessity be much more planning and control, there ought to be more discipline, and more sense of public duty, and therewith a great and difficult problem to be solved, how to accept these controls without sacrificing the reality of freedom. It will be a poor thing if we conquer the dictators merely to surrender to a bureaucracy, but there is real danger that it may happen. We shall be faced with a dilemma. Democracy uncontrolled, as has been pointed out from Plato's time to the present day, leads straight to tyranny: democracy too much or wrongly controlled, leads to deadness, loss of initiative, loss of reality. Here surely the education of the future in all its branches has an all-important part to play. We must preserve a real freedom in order that we may be free to follow justice and truth, goodness and beauty, in which all the higher values of life consist. The period, which will come when we have won the war, is bound to be difficult and dangerous. Not only shall we require all that wise statesmanship can contribute towards making a just disposition and settlement of the world, but we shall need as much or greater wisdom in making a just disposition of ourselves. There are already too many who for the sake of mere life are ready to throw away the reasons for living at all.

What, then, is the sort of education that we need to equip the nation spiritually and mentally to meet these dangers of the future? Undoubtedly, the answer which would most commonly be given is that it must be an education which provides a real equality of opportunity. It is a phrase somewhat worn by use, obscure in itself, sometimes meaning levelling up, at other times levelling down, too often ignoring the differences which nature and the historic growth of society have set between child and child. The Archbishops of the Anglican and Roman churches and the Moderator of the Free Church Council joined in a letter to *The Times* in December last in stating their view of the conditions of a permanent peace. Among these they laid down the demand for equality of opportunity in a most uncompromising form. "Every child, regardless of race or class, should have equal opportu-

ities of education, suitable for the development of his peculiar capacities." It is easy to criticize this, and to point out the many generations which must elapse, the great improvement in social conditions which must occur, before opportunity can become equal between child and child even of one race. But let us not stop over that, but take this ideal as a beacon light towards which we can shape our course, even if we put it no higher than saying that "every child must have his chance." At the present moment it is not even true that every child has a chance at all, let alone the chance which he should have. There have been those who have passed from the elementary school at fourteen into permanent unemployment, every day being reminded that they are not wanted, that society has no work and no use for them. It would seem to follow that education must extend its watchful care of the young at least to the stage of adolescence, and society must take a great deal more trouble to find employment for young people, and to provide something very different from the idleness of the 'dole,' or the blind alleys which vested interests provide. It would also seem to follow, if we are to provide an education for every child "suitable for the development of his peculiar capabilities," that we must provide not only a longer school life, but a greater variety of school life. The sort of knowledge which can be got from books, the training which leads through the examination room to the office-desk, or back to the classroom again, has been overvalued: the training of the craftsman and the producer, the engineer, the landworker and the seaman has everywhere tended in comparison to be rated lower, and, as is the way of the world, because such training has been thought to lead to what is second-best, it has too often been second-rate.

Though there must be greater variety of type, a more conscious and consistent effort must be made to impart a common stock of ideas and a common knowledge as the basis of citizenship. At the present time the bulk of our children leave school largely ignorant of history and geography, and with very little knowledge of our national literature: on the top of this profound ignorance they superimpose ideas caught from party-politics, the cheap newspapers and perhaps the 'travelogues' of the cinema. I do not suggest that a political faith, or any particular interpretation of the facts to be learned from the study of history, geography and literature, should be instilled into the young, but I do argue that these facts must be presented as objectively and impartially as possible in order that

knowledge, rather than ignorance and prejudice, may be to a much greater extent the basis on which democracy in the future may found its judgments. Everybody ought to know something both of what Britain stands for in the world and also of the world in which Britain stands. Everybody, whether they work in factory or mine, office or farm, wherever they may be, ought to feel more strongly and more intelligently than they do now the uniting bonds of their common citizenship and their common ideals.

The letter from the leaders of the Churches which has already been quoted makes another claim on education, which is reinforced by a resolution unanimously passed by the Headmasters in their Christmas conference of last December. The letter says that "no permanent peace is possible in Europe unless the principles of the Christian religion are made the foundation of national policy and of all social life." It is obvious that they cannot become such a foundation unless they are also the foundation of the education which is given in the schools. The failure of the secular education developed in the nineteenth century has been obvious: it has fed materialism, produced the careerist in some quantity, and a not very respected 'intelligentsia.' The quarrels of the Christian Churches caused the new secondary school system and the new forms of higher and University education to leave religion to the home and to the religious denominations. That seemed to work, but there followed a time when religion ceased to be taught in the homes, when knowledge of the Bible was lost, and the bulk of the population ceased to go to church. Hence many have grown up without any religious teaching at all. Nevertheless, the position is not so desperate as it looks, for it is to be noticed that during the last twenty years, while parsons and laymen have been contending with one another in abusing the Church, the voices have been few indeed in this country which have abused the teachings of Christianity. There has probably never been a time when there were more people ready to accept the ethical content of the Christian gospel as the highest revelation of what is possible for man, and the whole history of the League of Nations, for instance, so far as it affects Britain, has been a proof that the ordinary people, or at any rate the large majority of them, are prepared to support the application of Christian principles to international politics even at manifest risk to their country. Moreover, grim and disastrous as the present war is from every materialist point of view, it may well through suffering and through sacrifice

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bring the whole nation to a sense of the spiritual values which supremely matter.

I believe therefore that in schools of every type the Gospels should be carefully taught with the main emphasis placed upon their ethical teaching, that there should be regular school prayers and one day in the year set apart for a service of commemoration and dedication in special surroundings. The business of the school is to teach that goodness, truth and beauty are absolute values, and every course of study in the school should be so taught as to illustrate these lessons: the life of the school should be designed and lived as something governed by these standards, a life in which example would always count for more than precept. Doctrines and denominational distinctions are the business of the Church, the home and the Sunday School. They will count for less in the future than they have done in the past. But they are important, and it cannot be required of the schools, when the limited time at their disposal and the tender age of their pupils are taken into consideration, that they should do more than lay the foundation, and put first things first. After all Jesus required no complicated profession of faith from those whom He called to follow Him.

The nation of the future must be physically fitter than it has ever been during the past century, and in this direction we can go forward confidently. Even the imperfect attention which has been given in the last thirty years to this side of education has produced manifest improvement, as is indeed proved by the results of medical inspection for the services to-day as compared with similar results in the last war. It is not merely of a right system of physical training that I am thinking, but of a battle waged all along the line from the nursery to the University, in the homes as well as in the schools, employing the agencies of informed welfare work, medical and dental inspection and treatment and instruction as to proper diet and healthy clothing. The schools themselves can contribute in progressive courses of physical attainment, aiming at an average to which all normal children with care and attention could attain: in this games would find their place, but not more than their place. It would find room for much activity in the open air through walks and bicycle rides for nature study and planned excursions: it would include the yearly camp, and lead on to a much extended use of Youth Hostels. The whole should culminate in the eighteenth year in a period of six months unpaid national service in the Army, Navy or Air

Force, or on the land in drainage, reclamation or forestry. This would be for most people the final period of their education under discipline, though I believe that it will be necessary for some time after this war to call up the young men for a short period in every year to continue and to refresh their military training. It need not be wasted time: it would be educational, would keep alive the ideal of physical and mental fitness, and refresh the sense of common citizenship. But I should hope that the six months' service of the eighteen-year-olds would always remain, though not by any means necessarily in a military form. To talk about the duty of common citizenship is likely to remain a barren phrase among those who, as is the case to-day, are mainly concerned with making their own careers, and amusing themselves by the way. The education of the future will be mainly the concern and the burden of the State and there is more than a little to be said for the old Greek idea that the youth of any land so benefited should at some appropriate time of their lives pay back in service some part of their nurture price.

It is time to turn from this hasty and incomplete picture of things as they might be to the consideration of things as they are. How far is the generally accepted ideal of equality of opportunity realized to-day? One is met at the very threshold by the blunt fact that one child must go out into the world at 14 and find such employment as he may, while another will be protected, guided and maintained through the whole period of his adolescence, and may be free to postpone even the consideration of his life's career until he has finished with the University. Something must clearly be done to fill in this immense gap; for it is no answer to say that there exists a broad educational ladder by which chosen boys can climb at the public expense from the lowest educational grade to the highest. Nine out of every ten are left behind, not merely without the training appropriate to their lower intellectual capacity, but without any training at all. The second fact that is obvious at the outset is that there are two lines of elementary and secondary education in this country separated from one another throughout their whole duration by an unclimbable fence. The products of the two systems do indeed meet in the University: they meet, but they do not mix. It is a not unnatural result that this whole question is clouded with political animus so that it is difficult and rare for those who deal with it to write and speak impartially. It is, for instance, quite as easy to pick holes in the boy from the state-aided secondary

school as in the boy from the 'Public' school, but such criticism usually only serves to darken counsel. It remains a fact that the English boarding-school, be its faults what they may, has been a successful instrument of education, a natural and vigorous outgrowth from the national life, capable of being equally successful with boys of a different economic station, as has been proved by the record of Christ's Hospital. Yet it is highly improbable that such schools can maintain themselves unchanged for long in the conditions which will obtain after the war, and on the ground of equality of opportunity and of common goodwill it is undesirable that they should. It would be folly to scrap so splendid an educational equipment and there is not the slightest reason, save to gratify pre-war and obsolescent political animosities, why so disastrous a step should be taken.

A third disadvantage of our present system is that it is too rigid and too ill-adjusted. The age of transference from the Preparatory School to the Public School is at 13-14, but from the elementary school to the secondary school at 11½-12. In the former case a slight knowledge of Latin, French and Mathematics is required: in the latter such studies have not been begun. Again, the age of 11-12 is too early for a definite decision about a boy's future to be taken, yet once inside the secondary school system a boy tends to stay in it, and the presence of many pupils, who are not well suited by the ordinary secondary courses leads to a constant pressure being exerted on examining bodies to turn the School Certificate into a test of a sort of course which is not a literary course at all. There are far too few schools in the earlier stages which are designed to give good preliminary training to the engineer and the craftsman, and such as there are draw their recruits from those who are of a supposedly inferior intellectual grade. It is upon this weakness of our system that the Spens Report rightly laid stress, and its proposal to establish Junior Technical High Schools of equal rank and prestige with the Secondary School is a wise suggestion which should be carried out.

To bring these different and independent lines of education into a single dovetailed national system is not easy, but the task must in any case be attempted after the war. It cannot be attempted in this article, but a broad outline of a possible solution of the problem can be indicated. At the age of 11+ all should complete the elementary stage of their education and pass, after a rough sorting out, conducted mainly by their

teachers, to the Secondary School, the Technical High School, or the Central School. The Secondary School should retain its pupils, if fit for it, up to the age of 18, the others normally to 16+. The first two years of the course should be approximately the same in all: the stress would be mainly on the teaching of the English subjects in order to lay the foundation of that common mental background which future citizenship, if it is to be what it might be, seems to demand. But there is a further very important practical reason for keeping the work of those two years approximately the same: it is that there may be at the end of this period a much more reliable sorting out in order that each child may get the training most suited to his peculiar ability. There will be some in the Central School who show themselves capable of the full Secondary course, some in the Secondary School who cannot stay the pace, or would be more at home in the Technical High Schools, and equally some in the Technical High Schools who are likely to do better elsewhere. In making these changes there should be some form of external test, but again great weight should be given to the recommendation of those who actually teach the pupils. The course should then run on for a further two years or three, to be followed by a period of part-time continued education up to 18. It is here that vested interests that require cheap boy labour would prove a serious obstacle just as they succeeded at the end of the last war in making the Fisher proposal for continued education a dead letter. This time they must be withstood. Still less now than then can we afford to waste our human capital: the boys need continued physical education, continued study of subjects which will keep their intellectual interests alive. At 18+ will undertake their national service. For some it will fall between their school and the University or their special preparation for a profession: for others it will be the interval between part-time and full employment, between adolescence and manhood. It is the period of life when six months can most easily be spared, and when a change of habit and of surroundings is most likely to prove beneficial, particularly to those who are wholly occupied with books and examinations.

It remains to show in what ways the 'public schools' can be brought into real contact with such a system. Are they, to begin with, to keep their existing age of entry at 13½ or 14? It is argued that, as their leaving age will be 18, they should reduce their age of entry to 11+ or 12, and take a certain number of entrants direct from the elementary schools: they

would gain a real advantage in teaching their languages, mathematics and sciences from the beginning. This scheme has against it the consideration that it would rouse the hostility of the vested interest of the Preparatory Schools, and further, even if we agreed with those who think that these should in any case be abolished, it would demand superhuman intuition on the part of those examiners who would have to decide in the case of eleven-year-old applicants which of them were fit for a boarding-school education and which not. It would seem better that the selection should be made after the first two years of the secondary course, that the cost should be borne by a State Scholarship system applied to schools as it has been to Universities, and shared between the State and the local authorities. Every boarding-school would have to take its quota: to allow exceptions, to permit schools to contract out would be to put a premium on snobbery. This is a consideration which tells probably against the third proposal that has been made, which is that the State should take over those boarding-schools which find themselves unable to carry on, and fill them entirely from the elementary and secondary schools. This would leave the surviving boarding-schools as much outside the national system as before and in an isolation still more invidious.

This scheme of national educational, taken as a whole, may strike some as extravagant, and it is not denied that it will cost money. Yet it is only a part of wider plans for social betterment, since for instance, if large scale unemployment is to remain a permanent scar on our national life, the best education that human wit can devise will be stultified. If unemployment can be overcome, then such a scheme as this would pay for itself by the savings on the 'dole,' and the improvement in national health and efficiency which would result. And there are other substantial benefits which could be hoped for, in human happiness and spiritual wellbeing, which cannot be measured in money. The last war was fertile in fine phrases which were never implemented: in this war let us resolve that we will be more sparing of our rhetoric and more generous in our performance.

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THE EIGHTEEN DAYS OF BELGIUM

(May 10-28, 1940)

By Louis de Brouckère

I SPENT the evening of May 9 at Liège, discussing, quite peacefully, pedagogical questions with some school teachers. After the meeting, I took the train to Brussels. I shared the compartment with some officials who had just been visiting our first line of defence. They were optimistic: they thought that our hour of greatest danger had already passed. And as I reminded them of the alarming rumours which had been persistently spreading from Holland during the past few days, one of these well-informed men replied: "The Dutch are mistaken! We have definite information. There is no thought in Berlin of an immediate attack on our country!"

These words did not reassure me. But I was thinking of them as I got home at about 2 o'clock in the morning. And I was still thinking them over when I fell asleep. It is probable that they were with me even in sleep, for they were the first that came to me when the noise of bombs dropping around the house woke me up, suddenly, at five, on the fateful morning of May 10, 1940.

I went to my window to see what was happening. All my neighbours were already on their balconies, questioning the sky, pointing to the low flying planes and to the fires which were breaking out in nearby houses. At that moment the predominant feeling was one of simple curiosity. People had not had time to grasp the full significance of the facts or to realize the extent of the calamity which had beset them. They were not yet so much as afraid.

Was Belgium then taken utterly by surprise? To answer either yes or no would be misleading. Belgian people had not forgotten the lesson of 1914 and they knew perfectly well, at the back of their minds, that Hitler would be tempted, even more than the Kaiser, to pass through our land so as to turn the French defences and to strike Britain, his arch enemy, a

direct blow. Reason argued that only a miracle could keep us out of the conflict—and my countrymen are, after all, open to reason. But our official policy was based on the assumption that skilful handling of the situation could somehow realize that miracle. People were inclined to dismiss disagreeable truths and were easily persuaded by the reassuring declarations which came every day from the highest quarters. Our military staff was undoubtedly realistic enough not to allow illusions to interfere with our technical preparations for war. But our moral preparation was seriously impaired. When the critical hour came, the average Belgian found himself confronted by a situation for which his mind was not prepared.

And so it was that after the first moment of curiosity had passed and the seriousness of the situation was fully realized, confusion prevailed in some quarters. But I owe it to my countrymen to say that this confusion was of short duration and that there was nowhere any panic or serious disorder. In its time of trial the population took itself in hand rapidly.

The whole nation resented the cynicism of the Nazi attack even more deeply than its brutality. The will to resist was as deep and as unanimous as in 1914.

I cannot attempt to describe the military events which took place in Belgium between the 10th and the 28th of May. Since essential facts remain unknown we must delay our judgment. We must delay it until the day of our country's liberation, when all the documents become accessible and all witnesses can speak freely. But I can tell here and now of the retreat of a whole people, how they tried to re-organize themselves in order to continue the fight, and how they failed.

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As soon as the fortune of arms forced our army to retreat, all those who could leave their homes eagerly did so. Never before had a movement of population assumed such vast proportions in so short a time.

Those who went were driven by various sentiments. They wanted to be spared the humiliations and the sufferings of enemy occupation, having fresh in mind the terrible experiences of 1914. They tried to get away from the battlefields; and they hoped to escape bombing. Fear was not, however, their only, nor in most cases their dominant, feeling. Fifteen hundred thousand odd Belgians left their country, according to an average estimate. But it would be a great mistake and indeed a crying injustice to consider all these people as a band of distracted fugitives. For nearly a third of them were young

men not yet in the army who were going, under government orders, to training camps which were to be organized in France. Hundreds of thousands of industrial workers, furthermore, intended to work for common defence either in French factories or in the Belgian factories which were to be reorganized in France. Most of those, in fact, who were trying to get behind the Belgian and Allied lines were doing so in order to carry on the struggle, a thing which they could never have done in occupied territory. In all times populations have fled in front of invaders, and their reasons for doing so have always been broadly the same. If the phenomenon which we beheld in Belgium seemed new, it was mainly on account of its magnitude.

In 1914, I saw whole villages emptying as the sound of battle approached: women and children, old men and youths, groaned under the weight of their burdens, and soon, exhausted and with bleeding feet, were forced to stop long before reaching safety. But this time most people managed to get some sort of conveyance, and so were able to travel over hundreds of miles, with a real chance of escaping the enemy.

Nearly all the Belgian cars left the country, and they alone took away about half a million people. Each car took a whole family and carried besides as much luggage as could possibly be crammed in or piled up on top. Refugees tried to remove every movable thing, clothes, baby's pram, grandfather's arm chair, not forgetting the bedding which was so useful on the long journey and which, when properly arranged on the roof gave very efficient protection against machine-gun bullets.

Factory lorries carried workmen with their wives and children sitting on top of goods and industrial equipment. Conveyances were chartered by associations and municipalities and were used by a whole batch of people who crammed in their belongings, then hoisted in the weakest and the less fit; while others went on bicycles, each taking his turn to ride on the lorry for a rest. So they took their long journey by easy stages, led paternally by their president or mayor. Even during the darkest hours cheerfulness prevailed, jokes were cracked between the bicycles and the car. I can still see one huge vehicle laden with poor belongings saved from the disaster: on top of it a canary was singing in its cage.

Bicycles played almost as great a part in that great exodus as cars. They wormed their way through traffic obstructions, were carried through fields and round obstacles. Good cyclists were actually quicker than motorists in the abnormal con-

ditions of the moment. But many of those who possessed a bicycle could not resist the temptation of carrying so much luggage as only to be able to push their machines in front of them like wheelbarrows. Most of these suffered the fate of the 1914 refugees, and fell into the hands of the pursuing Germans.

Trains could not help much. The number of pedestrians, at least amongst those who got out of the occupied zone, was comparatively small. This great army of civilians formed a slow and tragic motorized column.

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No spectacle in the world could have been more moving than that of this column of refugees. Here was human suffering in its most extreme form.

Those who flowed along the roads had lost everything; their easy-going life and their humble happiness had suddenly collapsed. They had left behind—and would they ever find them again?—their homes, their crops and a thousand things dear to them. Many had left even their small stock of money, having had no time to withdraw it from the bank or post office. They had lost their village, the familiar surroundings which they understood—and which understood them. Often they had been brutally separated from their family or members of it had been lost on the way. The travellers moved on, heavy with grief, towards an unknown fate.

The primary danger they had to face was that of the battle itself. As they fled before him, the invader advanced, relentlessly, with transport facilities as good or better. Even many of those travelling by car were overtaken by German troops. Hundreds of thousands of Belgians and Frenchmen were cut off by the motorized troops rushing towards Boulogne. They were trapped with the Belgian army, the British expeditionary force and a part of the French army within a narrow and rapidly diminishing area. They turned round wildly like hunted animals seeking for an escape. They were without shelter, without food, without water, and suffered continuous bombardment.

Most of the refugees, however, succeeded in keeping ahead of the advancing Germans, although they could not altogether avoid bombs and machine-gun fire along the road. Large agglomerations of cars are a very tempting target for aeroplanes, so tempting indeed that many military experts considered that the exodus of civilians would be utterly

impossible during a big offensive, and could only lead to general massacre.

Such pessimistic predictions were not however in fact fully confirmed: many columns were of course attacked from the air, but the resulting casualties were comparatively few. The nervous condition of the witnesses made it difficult to collect reliable information and accounts for many fantastic reports, but I have been able to collect the opinions of several observers used to scientific investigation, men of high intellectual honesty. Most of them had not seen a single victim of air attack. I myself travelled five days in the midst of this wandering multitude, and was bombed several times. I heard of resulting casualties, but I did not actually see a single one.

The chief causes of suffering, danger and hardship were quite different.

The roads were overcrowded by a traffic which could have got through without undue delay had it been properly regulated. But there was a terrible shortage of trained personnel. Important thoroughfares were in the hands of rural constables or of boy scouts whose good will did not make up for their total lack of experience. Huge farm carts, driven by four strong horses often got jammed between motor cars with the result that the speed of the whole traffic was reduced to perhaps one tenth of what it might have been. A single vehicle out of position created a traffic jam simply because no one knew how to deal with the emergency or possessed the necessary authority to make himself obeyed. I remember that near Eu, in open country, on a wide and good road, it took us nearly a whole day to cover some three miles.

Sometimes, it was an administrative difficulty which caused the delay. For instance, on the French border, near the Belgian seaside resort of La Panne, cars often took two days and two nights to get over the three or four miles which separate the last village from the Customs' house. To avoid running short of petrol people had to spend the whole of that time standing, pushing their cars every five minutes—every time they advanced one rank.

Many refugees were a week or more on the road. They needed food, but they were passing through an exhausted country, and no food depot had been established. They needed sleep, but there were already as many people as could be placed side by side under each roof; neither camps, nor tents had been kept in readiness. There were large numbers of children, old people, and invalids; there were no doctors,

no medicines. Women gave birth on the road with no one to care for them.

The population welcomed the passers by with comforting generosity, and in a wonderful spirit of self denial. But they were powerless. Very often they themselves were compelled to leave their own homes at a moment's notice to join the pitiful column.

I need not carry further this description of the destitution which fell on all, on the poor labourer who had fled without anything and on the millionaire in his luxurious car, who, though his pockets might be full of bank notes and precious stones, could get neither milk for his child nor care for his sick wife. But I have said enough to show that all this suffering could have been avoided, and that with some forethought a numerous population—the million and a half Belgians together with the three to four million Frenchmen who joined them—could have been transported in comparatively good order to places from which they could have reasonably hoped to continue the strife. The problem was primarily a straightforward one of traffic regulation and of organizing a relay system for food and sleeping accommodation. Such terrible privation would have been impossible if preparations had been made in time.

Belgium, owing to her neutrality, could not organize the departure of her citizens until she was actually launched into war. When at last she was free to act, it was almost too late to organize anything. France had assigned a number of *départements* to the Belgians as well as to the inhabitants of her own evacuation zones. But the authorities, overwhelmed by urgent cares, had made very inadequate preparations for receiving them. No-one in fact had foreseen the tremendous extent of the exodus and since the experts had grossly exaggerated the dangers of such a vast movement, no one had wished to see it happen. The consequence was that once it began it soon got out of hand, and after a day or two no one could either stop it or canalize it. The vast majority, left to their own devices, followed their natural impulse and fled to the mountains stopping on the first slopes of the "Massif Central" or of the Pyrenees.

Local overcrowding thus attained unprecedented proportions. In some places the population more than trebled. How could the needs of this vast multitude possibly be met? Yet those who dared to undertake the task in some measure succeeded in it. It will be to the lasting honour of the local

populations and the local authorities, for they showed the best will in the world and an astonishing capacity for improvization. Praise must also be given to the refugees themselves who showed both enterprise and solidarity.

The Belgian government did what little it could to aid this reconstruction of our country in exile, but our Ministers soon found themselves working under conditions which render action virtually impossible. Within a few weeks they had to move on from Brussels to Ostend, from there to Le Havre, from there to Paris, from there to Poitiers, from there to Bordeaux, and finally to Vichy (and I name only the most important of their temporary abodes). Their staff camped out in one place after another. Communication was extremely difficult. High commissioners were nominated but they lacked accommodation, personnel and money. Often they could not so much as receive instructions. The refugees had consequently to rely upon themselves in the main and to settle down as best they could. Nevertheless, our Ministers were able to take certain decisions of far-reaching importance.

First, they refused to endorse the royal capitulation. Having regard to the King's position as a prisoner of war and of his incapacity to reign they took over all the powers of the chief of state in conformity with the constitution. As a result of this act of clear-sighted courage there is now one and only one Belgian executive authority recognized by the nation, by the King and by all free states throughout the world. The seat of this government now resides in Great Britain, where it can work out of reach of the enemy.

When the catastrophe of May 28 came the Ministers unanimously declared that no peace had been made or would be made with the aggressor before the country regained its freedom and that Belgium would continue the fight. They did their best to put facts behind these words. The hundreds of thousands of young Belgians who had been sent to recruiting centres in France were immediately enlisted and no time was lost in beginning to staff, instruct and equip the new army. It could have been numerically stronger and more powerful than that of 1914-1918. It was thought in well-informed circles that within a few weeks a first division could be sent to the front line . . .

Then Pétain's armistice shattered all our plans. But Belgium did not give up the struggle. The first act of our Ministers on reaching London was to call up all citizens of

military age residing in unoccupied countries and to organize all the resources of which we can still freely dispose for war.

I cannot forbear to tell here also of the refugees after their arrival in France. For their story is comforting as well as pitiful. Their sudden appearance in large numbers in poor and unprepared country had created appalling conditions. But after a very few weeks things began to improve. Some order was restored. The exiles came to life again and settled down. Some even managed to find happiness.

The barns and stables which many inhabited were now spotlessly clean, furnished more or less, and, miraculously, were coming to look like real homes. By helping each other and pooling all their resources they managed to keep body and soul together on the 10 francs (1s. 2d.) a day allotted to them by the French authorities. Schools and hospitals were set up. Complete Belgian villages seemed to sprout within the French ones and besides the official mayor one could sometimes distinguish an unofficial "bourguemastre!"

The refugees set to work, first to provide their own community with its most urgent requirements. They also helped very usefully in the fields. In addition, an enormous amount of labour, a fair proportion of which was skilled labour, was also offered for munition and other war works. Anyone who is acquainted with labour exchange problems knows the difficulties attending every huge redistribution of man power. In the present case the task was, of course, particularly heavy, but it was tackled at once and carried out at a very satisfactory speed.

Our young conscripts often underwent terrible hardships in their improvised barracks, but their moral did not once break down. Though they possessed insufficient staff and equipment and often insufficient food they managed to carry on somehow and never got downhearted.

I have lived among the exiles during this tragic period and I can testify that although they had their very natural moments of depression, they never renounced their will to struggle on. They were of course homesick and longed to get back to the mother country, but wanted their country first to be freed by a victory which they might somehow help to bring about. The news of the military disasters and of the armistice was as great a shock to the newcomers as to the native inhabitants of Southern France, for their faith had never been shaken by the first reverses.

But once the Vichy government had laid down French arms,

what could so many thousands of foreigners do—without resources and without hope? Were they to take to the road again and try to reach some place where the fight was still going on? The sea and the Spanish border were for most insuperable obstacles. Were they to take advantage of the fact that a part of France still escaped occupation, be it precariously—to remain there awaiting some future opportunity? But how were they to live in the meanwhile—the army had been demobilized and there could no longer be any question of war work? Foreigners would soon appear as so many “useless mouths” to local populations embittered by their own distress.

So many made the homeward journey reluctantly and with a heavy heart, under conditions which were materially almost as hard as those of the exodus—and morally so much harder.

Others remained at all costs. It is difficult to estimate their number accurately, but it is certainly many tens of thousands. Their life becomes harder every day. They are without work and may at any moment be put into some concentration camp or even be handed over to the Germans. Most of them try to escape, some to seek shelter in one of the countries still outside the war, others to reach allied territory and carry on the fight. But they encounter enormous difficulties. It needs a good deal of perseverance and some luck to win through. Nevertheless our small band of exiles increases steadily.

We have a great task to perform! Belgium has many resources still—moral, intellectual, financial, economic, even military—which Hitler has been unable to seize and which we must now mobilize to the utmost for the struggle. Thus and thus only shall we remain loyal to our nation and to the civilization of which she is one of the living expressions. Thus can we help our fellow citizens who from the inside are trying to wear down the aggressors’ power. Thus, when the victory is won and our duty performed will we earn the right to go home.

(M. Louis de Brouckère was formerly a member of the Belgian Senate, and leader of the Labour Party. He was Belgian delegate to the Disarmament Conference at Geneva.)

EXPORT—AND LIVE

BY DOUGLAS HAMILTON

NOTHING could be more foolish than to ignore the fact that nearly every war in history can be traced to an economic cause. The match that lights the bonfire may be a marriage, a murder, a forgery or a minor frontier incident, but the real fuel is the uncertainty of tomorrow's dinner and the suspicion that it may be intercepted by unfriendly neighbours. To ensure supplies of food and raw materials it is necessary to export, and that involves of course a willingness on the part of some other country to buy. Germany's position since 1918 has been an unfortunate one, and I think we ought to try and clarify our minds as to her legitimate economic claims as against the preposterous political demands invented by Hitler and advanced by all the loathsome underground methods of the Gestapo. In June, 1939, at a meeting of representatives of our Dominions and Colonies at the Guildhall, a meeting, that is where one might expect a good deal of true blue Imperialism, I ventured, in discussing the question of Colonial preference, to put the case on behalf of the Bradford Chamber of Commerce in the following terms:—

“It is becoming more and more a commonplace that the inevitable result of self-sufficiency policies is War, and that the only possible way of achieving and maintaining peace is by freeing the movement of individuals and goods. International trade is the greatest civilizing agent in the world, and the reversion to barbarism we are witnessing to-day in Europe and Asia must be mainly attributed to the Customs House and the Passport Office.

“This question of Germany's export trade (and that of Italy) has a vital bearing on the question under discussion. They are both densely populated industrial countries which can only keep alive by foreign trade. Where are they going to get it? We have our Ottawa Agreements covering the British Empire, France like ourselves has vast Colonial possessions, so have Belgium, Holland and Portugal: the Far

East is closed, neither Germany nor Italy is popular in the U.S.A. for political reasons. There remain the very limited markets of Europe and South America. With emigration and profitable export barred, Germany and Italy have relatively little to lose and are all the more likely to stake their existence on a war—the bigger the better.

“Such slogans as “Buy British,” “Keep the trade in the family,” etc. have created a strong anti-British feeling throughout the world. The idea of a prosperous Empire surrounded by poverty-stricken neighbours is repugnant to all ideas of morality and decency. A thousand times rather share what prosperity there is with others, even if it involves a little sacrifice. It is worth a sacrifice to encircle ourselves with friendly neighbours against whom it is unnecessary to arm. What I am pleading for is the neighbourly, all-embracing type of Imperialism associated with the name of Cecil Rhodes rather than the narrow exclusivist political ideals of Joseph Chamberlain. British trade has been built up on the same foundation as British justice, namely, on impartiality, fair play to strong and weak alike, and the principle of live and let live. Preference is the very antithesis of all these things.”

I am glad to say that my remarks had a much more friendly reception than I had any right to expect, but whether the effect was lasting is to say the least doubtful. I will revert to this question later, but meanwhile I should like for a moment to consider a newer type of political economy very far removed from the older, more orthodox kind.

In some ways America was a most successful competitor of ours both at home and abroad. Despite wages which to us seem extremely high, to a German exorbitant and to a Japanese positively fantastic, America could still sell a watch or a motor-car at prices which left ours high and dry. The Yankee manufacturer as typified by Mr. Ford, demonstrated to the world the magic of mass production based on an ever-increasing demand, and stimulated by easy payments on the instalment system. I doubt whether there has ever in the world's history been better value for money than the Ford car which was sold for £100. Perhaps some day when China adopts mass production methods and couples them with Oriental wages we may see a Chinese Ford at £50. Meanwhile we must remember that an essential condition of these low prices is an ever-expanding, extravagant use of the article produced. That is another distinctive feature of American economics—extravagance, deliberate waste, premature scrapping of good material

and above all the creation and stimulation of imagined wants. The boundless riches of the American Continent permit of the gratification of all such extravagances, though the appearance of what is known as the "Dust Bowl" is a salutary reminder that there are limits to the generosity of nature even in America. The "Dust Bowl" is a vast tract of land—a Continent within a Continent, where Americans have exploited mercilessly the natural soil without putting anything back, where they have cut down timber and put an end to the natural rainfall, and as a result the soil itself has disintegrated and turned to dust. Let us contrast this state of things in our mind's eye with the agricultural economy of, say, the Italian or Greek smallholder who owns an acre or two of rock where one would imagine not a blade of grass could survive. He will carry basketsful of precious soil on his back, select a sufficiently level piece of rock to deposit it on, nurse and cultivate it with his own hands, and after a very short time he has a blossoming little farm sufficient to support himself and a large family, not forgetting the stocking or money-box which will lay the foundation of a family fortune for the next generation. Which of these two types of farmer should we admire—which is rendering the greater service to humanity?—there can be no two answers to that question. America itself is the creation of a thrifty European peasantry—all that she is is due to the human raw material drawn from this side of the Atlantic.

Let us see what happens when a New World is discovered, North or South America, Australia, South Africa. A new Colony is started, money-making is easy, friends from the Old Country come along, the population grows, wealth keeps pace with it, cities spring up and more and more people are wanted to till the soil. With every generation cities increase in size and number, a sense of nationality is aroused, so that newcomers, while still welcome, are not immediately admitted to the fold. The influx must obviously bring with it a proportion of those who prefer to live by their wits rather than by honest work, and birds of a feather naturally flock together to form societies or political parties—in this case the Party which sees in the free admittance of workers a threat to their own class. In time, especially when some setback in trade comes along, propaganda begins to take effect and immigration laws are the result. Again the high standard of living due to easy wealth necessitates the imposition of tariffs so as to maintain the economic structure. That I think is a fair picture of Colonial and American development during the eighteenth and nine-

teenth centuries, and in drawing the picture I do not wish to lay the blame on anybody. Human nature being what it is we should note its trends and endeavour to correct them where they are the cause of trouble.

Ever since the beginning of history the human race has tended to migrate, and it is curious to note that the migration has nearly always been in a westerly direction. As we learned from our first history books our own race originated about the mouth of the Elbe, the Germans came from Poland and the shores of the Baltic, scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar. South America is the New Iberia, and no European race has failed to contribute its quota to the population of North America. There are many interesting theories about this trekking towards the setting sun, but suffice it to say that when Abraham in Mesopotamia received the message "Get thee out of thy country to a land I will show thee"—the land of Canaan—he started a movement which has gone on ever since. Movement of mankind betokens movement of goods. We know that the earlier and most welcome invaders of this country brought with them bales of silk and woollen fabrics. Missionaries who have carried the Gospel to the ends of the earth have always found merchandise a useful adjunct and a valuable means of establishing contact. When we compare such welcome commercial penetration with the hostile reception so frequently accorded nowadays to the would-be exporter, we are bound to ask ourselves whether the movement of civilization has not been in a backward direction.

Looking at America as a hemisphere, we find that the population there has a density of just over twelve per square mile, as against approximately one hundred and seven inhabitants per square mile in Europe. Given freedom of movement the migratory urge would long ago have levelled out this enormous disparity, and by now the Americas would have been a comparatively densely populated continent. Incidentally the struggle for existence would not have taken the form of the gigantic European wars this generation is witnessing. An interesting side-light on the situation is furnished by the cession to the U.S.A. of those valuable bases on the British West Indian islands and other key positions round the American coast. They are intended to serve as a powerful protection against an attack by Germany in the unlikely event of her victory over us, and in that sense we must welcome the arrangement. On the other hand this new girdle of steel will enable America, in theory, to impose and enforce whatever

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restrictions she pleases on immigration from Europe, but it is not difficult to foresee the time when a Europe, weary of internecine strife will be impelled by sheer weight of population to insist on freer access to the American Continent. Actually the girdle of steel will be a no more adequate protection than was the Maginot Line. The only real protection is the full manning of the fortress by a rapidly expanding immigration quota. The population of the U.S.A. ought to be doubled and that of Canada and Latin America increased tenfold. Then you will have a western hemisphere which need fear no assault from outside, firstly because the pressure of population in Europe will have been relieved, and secondly because the Americas with their adequate man power could in any event repel invasion by any possible combination of Powers.

This policy of liberal immigration laws should be accompanied by a considerable scaling down of tariffs—a process which would not bring unemployment, but on the contrary an increased demand from the expanding population. I do not expect this view to be generally accepted, but nevertheless am convinced that the surest protection for America is not the girdle of steel and concrete fortifications, but the Open Door. I believe the fate of Europe and the question of whether or no war is to be a normal occurrence in Europe depends more on the policy of North and South America than on any other single factor, and it should be the object of every European Government to make it clear what the results of isolationism on their part will be. President Roosevelt shares with Mr. Churchill and General Smuts the distinction of being able to command the rapt, almost breathless attention of millions of listeners to his broadcast pronouncements. In an eleventh hour effort he made to stave off the oncoming war he suggested the summoning of a Round Table Conference of the trading nations to consider “the most practical manner of opening up avenues of international trade, to the end that every nation of the earth may be enabled to buy and sell on equal terms in the world market.” He for one, realized that freer trade meant fewer wars, and when his Government and people have also grasped that fact the world will see a glimmer of hope for future peace.

It must be admitted that the British Government have not in the past done all they might have done to arrest the growth of hostile tariffs. They have regarded customs duties as falling within the range of purely domestic policy. If a new tariff of a particularly devastating kind has been imposed by a

foreign or Dominion Government a mild complaint has been evoked from the Board of Trade, but generally speaking protests have been confined to Chambers of Commerce or Associations of the industrial interests affected. There was, I believe, an occasion during the '70's of the last century when a deputation of indignant Bradfordians went to interview the Minister of Finance in Paris over a threatened tariff increase on worsted cloths, and returned home with flying colours and a concession in their pockets, but of recent years the kaleidoscopic changes in tariffs, quotas and currency regulations have bred a frustration complex which is not conducive to clear thinking and decisive action.

It is probable that war-time control of industry, trade and agriculture will not be scrapped as it was in 1919. Even then a number of new Ministries succeeded in salvaging themselves from the receding tide of war-time administration, and the next Peace will certainly add to their number. The battle between unhampered individualism as advocated by Sir Ernest Benn, and the Socialization of industry for which Mr. G. D. H. Cole pleads in a recent number of *THE FORTNIGHTLY** will no doubt be fierce, and probably indecisive. But whatever the result may be, neither the freedom and initiative of Capitalism nor the clockwork organization of the socialized State will enable the population of this island to exist unless our relations with the outside world permit us not only freely to import our raw materials and foodstuffs but also to export our manufactured goods with very much greater freedom than at present. The export of coal, bounty-fed or otherwise, is indefensible from the point of view of national economy. Invisible Exports are a rapidly shrinking item in our trading accounts, and "self-sufficiency" means bankruptcy and war. Does not this process of elimination bring us and every industrial nation of the Continent up against the inevitable "Export or die?" Our Board of Trade must assume new responsibilities. It must become the post-war heir to the Ministry of Economic Warfare and be prepared to fight tooth and nail for the principle that tariffs are *not* a purely domestic affair like Excise and Income Tax, and that a blow struck at our export trade may be as hostile an act as gun-running or the sinking of a merchantman. The "protection" which every manufacturer has the right to expect from his Government is not a battlemented wall which shuts out from his home market goods which would compete favour-

*December, 1940.

ably with his own in price, quality or design. That is passive Protection. What he needs is an active, virile Protection which will safeguard him, preferably by means of friendly negotiation but if necessary by retaliation or other sanctions, against the damaging effects of unilateral trade interference on the part of a foreign government. President Roosevelt's Round Table Conference has unbounded possibilities for the future welfare of mankind. Public opinion almost everywhere is changing rapidly and will welcome freer trade. For Britain more than for any other country the motto should be "Export—and Live."

(Mr. Douglas Hamilton was formerly President of the Bradford Chamber of Commerce and of the Bradford Textile Society.)

THE GERMAN CHURCHES' DILEMMA

BY BERNARD CAUSTON

ENGLISH sympathizers who hailed with enthusiasm the resistance of the Christian Churches in Germany to state interference from 1933 to 1939 have been puzzled to hear that they have apparently come into line with their Nazi persecutors in war-time. The report that Pastor Niemöller, still in a concentration camp, has twice offered to rejoin the German Navy, though at first contested as a possibly Nazi-inspired canard, has now been confirmed from independent sources. The German Admiralty did not take the risk of accepting the services of an ex-submarine commander, whose pulpit utterances had proved so unpalatable to the Nazis.

Why, it may be asked, if National Socialism is the inveterate foe of Christianity, do not the German churches make common cause with the democracies who are defending Christian civilization, as we see it? To answer this question at all adequately we must try and put ourselves in the place of German churchpeople and appreciate the dilemma in which they find themselves. In making this effort we may even throw some light on the dilemma in which Christendom as a whole finds itself. By Dilemma I do not mean Deadlock. It requires a keen conscience to perceive moral dilemmas.

First of all this question of the truce in church strife "for the duration" in Germany. In time of war each combatant nation tends to close its ranks in solidarity of citizenship against "the common enemy." I repeat, solidarity of citizenship. That does not preclude staunch churchmen from remembering the anti-Christian propaganda and the persecution by the Nazi Party in peace time.

During the international crisis in the autumn of 1938 when war seemed imminent owing to Germany's designs on Sudetenland the Nazi authorities became unusually considerate towards the Churches. No sooner was war averted by the Munich Agreement than the Nazis prosecuted a number of Confessional Pastors who had held intercession services stressing the need of national repentance. Similar services

had been held in England. Condemnation of their rulers' policy was not necessarily implied by such services in either country. But the underlying sense of international Christian solidarity and the appeal to conscience rather than to "correct" patriotic feelings infuriated the Nazis.

The Vatican wireless has recently corrected attempts by Axis propagandists to represent that agreement had been reached between Catholic bishops and the Nazi authorities in support of the Third Reich's claims to foster "positive Christianity." When Ribbentrop was received at the Vatican last year and inquired whether support would be forthcoming for a peace plan no details of the audience were published but it is understood that Pope Pius XII insisted on certain conditions before such mediation could be contemplated. These conditions required reparation to be made not only to German Catholics, but to non-Catholics in Poland and to maltreated Czechoslovakia; also the renunciation of aggression and oppression as defined in his (the Pope's) Five Point Peace Plan promulgated on Christmas Eve, 1939. These facts are worth recalling to my fellow Protestants in view of mistaken impressions of Papal policy. The Pope would lose all claim to speak for and to international Catholicism if he were, as is sometimes urged by short-sighted critics, to range himself on the side of Britain.

I do not propose to trace in detail the history of the churches' struggle for independence under the Third Reich. There is already a considerable literature on that subject including the Dean of Chichester's well-balanced and documented study and Professor Karl Barth's *The German Church Struggle: Tribulation and Promise*. But I would like to indicate the setting out of which that struggle arose, its bearing upon the foreign policy of the Third Reich and to give a picture to the reader of how it is viewed by German churchpeople.

The Christian Churches tended generally to welcome the advent to power of Adolf Hitler in 1933. We as English-people see that event in retrospect as heralding another German threat to our world power and security. But German churchpeople had witnessed their country—I give their view—reduced by economic crisis, widespread unemployment and lack of spectacularly inspiring leadership to apathy, pessimistic self-pity and materialism. They wished to see Germany restored once more to a high place among the nations and to play their part in a national renaissance. Catholics who had

clashed with Nazis in party strife had some forebodings for the future, however.

The Weimar Republic was not, as depicted by the Nazis merely "corrupt and defeatist," though that view was shared by their allies, the German National Party, with which prominent Evangelical churchmen of the stamp of Präses Koch of Westphalia (later to become chairman of the Confessional Movement's Executive Council) were closely identified. During the Weimar Régime literature, education and the arts put forth new branches. New currents of thought were perceptible in theology, reacting against disbelief in supernatural conceptions and the fashionably destructive type of higher criticism. The masses however, drifted away from the churches and were influenced more by the aggressively secular outlook of the Marxist parties, later to fall under the spell of National Socialism. It was the Catholic Chancellor Brüning who introduced, though not on a compulsory basis, the principle of national labour service. It was the Weimar Republican statesmen who bore the brunt of unpopularity for the Peace Treaty but gradually wore down the Allies' reparations claims while the Reichswehr stealthily plotted rearmament. These legacies Hitler gracelessly appropriated while proclaiming to a forgetful populace the shortcomings and "neglect" of his predecessors.

Nevertheless it is true that millions had lost heart through continuous unemployment and welcomed even a drastic remedy in preference to further palliatives. Churchmen in particular rejoiced at the prospect of taking a share in the regeneration of the moral life of the nation. That was the prospect astutely held out to them by the Nazis.

In its 25 point programme drawn up in 1920 the Nazi Party had proclaimed its adherence to "positive Christianity" without discrimination against particular denominations, all of which were assured liberty "so long as they are not a danger to the State or offend against the moral feeling of the German race." Always a saving clause as a loophole for subsequent evasion, as required!

Under the Hohenzollerns the Evangelical had been the established church, and the Catholics suffered from various disabilities. Evangelical pastors were required to preach as they were bid in accordance with the Lutheran tradition of subservience to the State; not, however, to proclaim anti-Christian doctrine. With the Weimar Republic which followed the crash of the Hohenzollerns and the loss of the Great War

the Evangelical Church was separated from the State and the Catholics' disqualifications were removed. As a result both churches stood on an equal footing, each still deriving part of its revenue from state subsidies based on the church tax. Tax-payers could choose to which church they preferred to contribute.

When Hitler came to power both churches hoped to enjoy the same liberty they had secured under the Weimar Republic while playing a larger rôle in national life. The Nazis had planned otherwise but they were too shrewd to show their hand at first. They had canvassed schemes for a National German Church, headed by Hitler, in which "the conflict between Catholics and Protestants which has so long divided the German nation should be at last surmounted." But to allay alarm in church circles they coolingly explained that that had been merely one of the Führer's "idealistic aspirations." So long as the Nazis were busy suppressing the opposition political parties the time was not yet ripe for drastic action in church affairs. When the time came the Nazis' arbitrary interference with church affairs in the name of "unity" only drew the stalwarts among Protestants and Catholics together in defence against the common enemy. But the great pliable majority went with the tide.

It is vital to a true reading of the German situation to realize that the life of the nation did suffer from disunity just as the character of the individual German, for some of the same reasons, often lacked stability. When I returned to Germany early in 1933 with memories of student days and crisis conditions during the post-war inflation period I encountered, as well as thrustful place-seekers and adventurers, younger Nazis, not devoid of idealism, who were conscious of these two defects in their nation. But with characteristic impatience and zest for "radical solutions" Nazi leaders proceeded to enforce "Cures" which recalled as it were, in reverse, the weakness they were designed to remedy.

The Nazis showed in their policy towards the churches a great lack of humanity and a calculated vindictiveness. They failed to reveal qualities of statesmanship capable of reconciling those opponents and critics whose collaboration would have been useful. Despite their claims to be "The Party which has become the Nation" the Nazis betrayed in all their manœuvres the vengeful animus and ruthlessness of guerilla fighters versed in underground methods of illegal opposition. But long term considerations are not the sole factor in politics

as the representatives of more temperate and long established political régimes have found to their cost in dealing with the Third Reich. It is not my purpose to underestimate the immense energy and persistence, and despite the frequent crudity of their methods the resourceful guile of Adolf Hitler and his lieutenants.

The position of the churches under Hitler was not merely a domestic problem. It bore a close relation to the foreign policy of the Third Reich. With increased strength abroad the Nazis were encouraged to proceed all the more ruthlessly to undermine the independence of the churches. The Nazis' treatment of the church problem was a barometer showing, in the early stages their need to study, later their capacity to disregard the repercussion of such persecution on world opinion. It is not without significance that the trial of Pastor Niemöller, who was greatly respected in conservative Army and Navy circles, should have begun at a time when Hitler had just dismissed General von Fritsch from the post of Commander-in-Chief and concluded a few days before German troops crossed the Austrian frontier.

International considerations likewise affected Nazi treatment of the Catholic Church. German Catholics through their own political party, the Centre, and their own trade unions had developed the technique of co-operation with other parties in the coalition governments of the Weimar Republic. Papen, closely identified with the Centre Party organ, *Germania*, was Vice-Chancellor in Hitler's administration. Here at the outset the Nazis were in a minority, though they occupied the key positions; hence Catholics, conscious of their important international affiliations, hoped for the best.

Papen, however, proved to be more an adept tool for Hitler's ambitions than a true defender of the faith. He knew the weakness of the Catholic position in Germany. The centralization of the Catholic political machine in Berlin had left the bishops with less influence and hence with a diminished following. Catholic youth, restless for lack of leadership were going over to the Nazis in large numbers. Papen knew that a Concordat between Reich and Vatican would restrict the bishops' capacity to protest effectively against Nazi "co-ordination" of the Church.

Later, however, when the Nazi challenge to Christianity became more overt Catholic bishops notably those of Berlin (Graf von Preysing) and Münster (Graf von Galen) spoke out courageously. But, to return to the outset of the Nazi régime,

the impressive structure of the Catholic political organization was a colossus with feet of clay.

Pope Pius XI feared lest German Catholics in their preoccupation with domestic politics should become too independent of Vatican influence. Moreover he was obsessed with the idea of the Bolshevik menace to Europe as the result of his experiences as Papal Nuncio in Poland at the time of the post-war Communist invasion. Papen contrived to "sell" Hitler as the bulwark against Bolshevism in Vatican circles as Ribbentrop later tried to do among English Conservatives. On July 20, 1933, Papen and Cardinal Pacelli, the Cardinal Secretary of State (now Pope Pius XII) signed the Concordat which put an end to political activities by Catholics in Germany but declared "purely religious organizations" to be safeguarded.

Everything turned on the interpretation of the phrase "purely religious." Once the need for reassuring Catholics in the Saar in favour of return to the Reich had passed with the completion of the plebiscite the Nazis felt that they had their hands free to "deal" with the Church as they thought fit. Space is lacking to describe the various methods used from abolition of Catholic schools, press and youth organizations, to slandering the reputation of priests and Orders by "monster trials" and garbled press reports. A fully documented account from the Catholic side is given in a recent publication translated from the German.*

Catholic bishops in Germany were more conscious than Pope Pius XI of the potential dangers of National Socialism. They perceived the anti-Christian tone pervading the writings of Alfred Rosenberg, authorized protagonist of Nazi culture. Indeed as early as the end of 1933 Cardinal Faulhaber corrected the tendency to regard only the Communist menace by warning his congregation "the grace of God did not save us from the paganism" of Russia in order to let us fall into a Germanic paganism. It was not until 1937 that Pope Pius XI appreciated the magnitude of the Nazi menace and came into line with German Catholic bishops in their protests against Nazi violation of the Concordat by issuing his famous encyclical, *Mit brennender Sorge* ("With burning anxiety") which with its condemnation of Nazi practices was read from every Catholic pulpit in the Reich.

The nearest the Confessional movement came to political

*The Persecution of the Catholic Church in the Third Reich. Facts and Documents. Burns Oates. 5s.

criticism of National Socialism was in the summer of 1936 when a confidential memorandum was sent to Hitler denouncing the use of Gestapo and concentration camp. Details of this by an unfortunate blunder found their way into the foreign press. As a result Dr. Weissler, the Confessionals' legal adviser, a non-Aryan lawyer, who had helped draft the document, was taken to a concentration camp. Later it was officially announced that he had been "found hanged."

Those who criticize the protagonists of religious freedom in Germany for restricting their opposition to the spiritual sphere forget that the Christian owes two loyalties, spiritual and temporal to God and to Cæsar. Should he, however, as I feel he should, take his stand in the struggle for social justice, he will nevertheless be conscious of the fact that both revolutionaries and the reactionaries whom they oppose are alike tempted by the lust for power to sacrifice human welfare to some high-sounding political intrigue. If that is true of domestic politics, such dangers are all the more insistent in the international sphere where war makes manifest what he previously may only have suspected in peace time, that the law of the jungle principally obtains. Here the internationalist may find his disinterested stand against his country's ambitions are being exploited for purposes beyond his control.

The Christian may be conscious besides—I am not prescribing, only describing—of an obligation not to repudiate, rather to acknowledge his share of common responsibility with his fellow countrymen and with them to share whatever the future may have in store of joy or sorrow, victory or defeat, prosperity or punishment. Refugees travel light—though often hard—to escape oppression and breathe the air of liberty. Not all those who stayed behind in the Third Reich were cravens, truckling to the oppressor. Many who could have gone abroad felt constrained to remain by the dictate of their conscience—in no claptrap, jingoistic sense of justifying their rulers in all their actions: Right or Wrong, My Country.

Early in 1937 Niemöller, collaborating with Dr. Otto Dibelius, issued in pamphlet form under the title *Wir rufen Deutschland zu Gott* ("We summon Germany to God") a presentation of the Confessional movement's standpoint on the relations between Church and State. We are inclined to think of Germany as a heathen country needing evangelization—about that need Christian churchmen there have no doubt. But first of all here is a passage showing, for a change, not Darkest Germany—it exists in all truth—but Darkest England:—

The proclamation of the Gospel lacks seriousness when one preaches it to people whose living conditions make it almost impossible to be obedient to the Gospel. One cannot hold open air services in the slums of great English cities and then calmly leave people to whom one has preached the Gospel in the frightful surroundings where they simply cannot do otherwise than fail to be Christians.

Politically the pamphlet is frankly authoritarian in tone:—

... the Evangelical Church on the basis of the Scriptures and of its own Confession of Faith (Bekenntnis) joyfully welcomes a Strong State . . . not a Clerical State. . . . No Forceful Means to carry out the Gospel Message . . . rather a Strong State which, as the Reformers would say, uses the Office of the Sword to proclaim the Gospel as it is bound to do. . . . The State must renounce constituting itself a church and proclaiming its own religion.

This last sentence contains the Confessionals' chief ground of complaint against the Nazi Party—its cult of German paganism.

Elsewhere in this pamphlet Martin Luther is quoted with approbation:—" . . . the sword is of great and needful utility to ensure that peace is maintained, sins are punished and the Wicked Repelled . . ." All this talk of the sword, some critic may exclaim, shows where the tradition of Luther leads—to Frederick the Great, Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor and Prussian militarism!

Perhaps if Britain had kept her sword sharp to "Repel the Wicked" Sanctions might not only have been adopted but also effectively enforced against the Aggressor and Peace might have been maintained. But disarmament seemed so meritorious, almost Christian, not many years ago. And even Appeasement, though it sacrificed the independence of smaller countries which we were then not sufficiently rearmed to protect, seemed to some of us rather good-natured, since it gave Germany a chance to acquire sobriety with greater responsibility, if only she would accept it. All virtues on which we Englishmen pride ourselves can turn into vices if we grow complacent and forget their varying relevance to the times we live in. What may begin by being good-natured tolerance may end by becoming heartless indifference, because sloth and negligence are inscribed on the other side of the medal.

Every nation has its own mixture of virtues and vices. It was Bismarck himself who once made the revealing remark about German character:—"With us (Germans) courage on the battlefield is a commonplace but you will not uncommonly find a lack of moral courage amongst quite estimable people."

Martin Niemöller is reported to be confined in the same con-

centration camp (Sachsenhausen-Oranienburg) as Father Rupert Mayer, a member of the Society of Jesus, who served as a chaplain at the front in the last war, being severely wounded and awarded the Iron Cross. Such men were not only brave where it was popular to be so—at war—but also when it was unpopular. They did more. The example of their courage inspired many a timorous little pastor and layman—and women too—to stand fast. That opened the eyes of modern man, for ever craving a visible miracle before he will believe.

The incarceration together of Confessional pastor and Jesuit priest, both imprisoned for their fidelity to their faith, epitomizes the heroic stand made by stalwarts in both churches, Evangelical and Catholic, and reminds us even amid the horrors of a *Blitzkrieg* that we have no right to assume that “all Germans are Huns.” If we find the self-sacrifice of such men inadequate and believe that Christians should make a wider challenge to injustice and oppression, perhaps it may be our turn to set an example.

(Mr. Bernard Causton spent many years in Germany and was at one time a member of Pastor Niemöller's congregation.)

THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

BY ROBERT POWELL

SOME strange ideas seem current regarding the work and qualifications of the Foreign Correspondent. When he returns to his own country the interest which people take in his career is often only equalled by the ignorance shown regarding his method of work and the means by which he gets his news. Some faint idea exists that he deals with telephones and telegrams, that he is constantly attending conferences of Government officials, meeting the "big people" in the particular country where he is stationed, and so on.

The fact that such a travesty of the life of a foreign correspondent as was shown in a recent American film dedicated to that particular kind of journalist, should have passed without protest is some measure of the ignorance or indifference of a large section of the public.

An all-too-common misapprehension is that the foreign correspondent is, in general, rather an unreliable journalist who writes what and how he likes. This was expressed some years ago by a well-known novelist who wrote that the most fortunate member of the journalist profession was the foreign correspondent since he was free to write what he liked without let or hindrance, and even without fear of contradiction.

Since the extension of Nazi aggression over the greater part of Europe, there have been few countries in which the foreign correspondent of British nationality has been able to function. His place has been taken either by American colleagues, by reports from neutral countries, or by war correspondents. But this fact does not lessen the need for a full appreciation *now* of the significance of the foreign correspondent in peace time, and especially of the part which he has played and may again play in the shaping of international public opinion.

The importance of the influence of the press in the fashioning of public opinion is readily conceded, yet how little care is generally taken in appointing the representative who is given the right to report and interpret events and tendencies in foreign countries—reports which can play an important rôle

in determining the issue of peace or war, at a later date! It is remarkable that any man who desires to become a foreign correspondent can apply despite a lack of essential qualifications, just as a man devoid of æsthetic feeling and ignorant of real life has often filled the post of dramatic critic. So often, a foreign correspondent is almost self-appointed! How common is it to note that the choice is a matter of chance acquaintanceship, due to the fact that a fellow who wanted a job happened to "blow in" to the office just when there was a vacancy, or that somebody on the staff who might well have been dispensed with, was offered such an outlet as a chance of getting some "experience abroad." Yet how often are the consequences disastrous, not so much for the newspaper's dividends—more's the pity, for then some change would soon be made—as for that honest well-informed reporting from abroad, which means so much to world peace and progress.

To be successful at his work, the foreign correspondent should possess a variety of qualifications. These include far more than those of the ordinary journalist—a talent to "see" a story, and the ability to write it up, etc. For the foreign correspondent must be a particularly good student of human nature, able to get outside himself, even outside his own nationality, not simply judging affairs through British eyes but also willing to learn to perceive them from the standpoint of the people among whom he is living, whose life and activities it is his duty to describe. For this a knowledge of the language, history, psychology, and socio-political development of his adopted country, is essential.

Yet how rarely is this the case. Even geography is a subject which many a foreign correspondent seems to have forgotten after leaving school. The following may be an extreme, but also a true case. A little over ten years ago, the foreign correspondent of a very popular British daily paper who arrived in Vienna to cover Europe from the Giant Mountains to the Black and Aegean Seas, could not distinguish Budapest from Bucharest, and—this is unfortunately true also—he was convinced that the letters R.C., which appeared on certain thermometers then used in Central Europe, were the clearest proof of the Roman Catholic fanaticism of the people of those parts.

It cannot be denied that ignorance, less obvious but more serious in its ultimate effects, could be encountered very, very frequently among British foreign correspondents abroad in the two decades between the World War and the present one.

Unfortunately, the home office is not particularly helpful in improving matters. Sensationalism is the order of the day with so many of the most popular British newspapers and almost everything is sacrificed to achieve it. How little is done to follow through a consistent policy of educating readers in foreign affairs! For some time, during the regular correspondent's absence, the present writer "covered" for a leading British daily, and this is what happened. At the beginning, having worked for a really serious paper, he tried to send interpretative material on the outstanding political, economic, and social developments taking place in that country. For a few days the foreign editor—mainly out of compassion—used, out of a 400-word message, about 60 words which might be considered somewhat sensational. But even these were so peculiarly chosen as to convey a quite other meaning than was intended. They were also jumbled together with news items from two press agencies, which lacked confirmation but were evidently intended to give the reader the impression that something new and strange was about to happen. The fact that these latter sensations were contradicted by other messages three days later was apparently immaterial.

On another occasion the present writer was telephoned from London and told to supply "more sensationalism—snappier stuff, with a punch in it." Another British newspaper after receiving a series of articles from its correspondent in a certain East European capital had only this comment to make, "Fine, but want more sex, sex, sex. That's what we expect from that place, nowadays."

Many are the stories which might also be cited as to the kind of requests of a most peculiar sort which the foreign correspondent has to answer. But one will suffice. At a time when the more serious newspapers were asking for interpretations of political events in Rumania, one London editor telephoned to Vienna for "a description of Mme. Lupescu's boudoir, for tomorrow." The correspondent could not get into touch with Bucharest, but that did not prevent a description being despatched two hours later from the Austrian capital.

The logical consequence of all this is that often the foreign correspondent, in despair, becomes merely a spotter of sensations, spending most of his working time searching them out. Either he buys them from local newspaper agencies, hears them from his "tipster," or gets them as the reward of wading through columns of newspapers, generally small local ones. Is it surprising that through a period of years the

foreign correspondent becomes bitter and cynical, about the activities of the fourth estate?

It often happens that the foreign correspondent has, as assistant, a man who, because of his superior knowledge of local conditions, is generally in real control. Take the case of a newspaper office in Vienna where the second man was a cultured Central European, whose information on Czechoslovakia was all from Hungarian or Austrian sources and flavoured by his own particular experiences before and during the World War. The assistant was a fine man, but was it right that his particular outlook should have been fostered in Britain, mainly because of the incompetence of the chief foreign correspondent concerned?

Probably the clearest example of the failure of British newspapers on the foreign political side is shown in the ignorance of the British public over the Czechoslovak crisis of the autumn of 1938. When the crisis was actually upon us, special correspondents were rushed to Prague and many two-column stories were produced. But there had been little previous "educational" work. The small five or ten line messages which sought to keep Central Europe in the pages of the paper—generally through the description of some abnormal incident in the life of the people there—did less than help. They supported the belief that the inhabitants of those countries were either half-civilized or too romantic to deserve careful reporting.

When, however, it was considered that the Czechoslovak problem was becoming topical, newspapers with a reputation for better things sent out special correspondents who knew nothing about Central Europe's complicated racial, political and socio-economic problems, but who *did* know what the newspapers concerned wanted written. How well one recalls the so-called authority who arrived in Berlin with a superficial guide to Czechoslovakia, written by a German agent, and spent two days in the Wilhelmstrasse before proceeding, with a German interpreter, not to Prague, but to Karlsbad and Eger!

It has also to be admitted, in this connection, that even the most serious of British journals were most careful to prevent interpretations of Central European events detrimental to the idea of German Nazis as good, if somewhat misguided, Europeans from getting too much publicity. In the midst of the Czechoslovak crisis, one of our most responsible journals telegraphed its Special Correspondent in Prague that it would be appreciated if he would not send any more "sob stuff"

about the Czechs. At the same time, this newspaper was devoting two columns, and pictures, to Hitler's march into the Sudetenland. What wonder that a Hampstead greengrocer should have said to a Czech woman customer of his at that time, "Well, I suppose you people, who have caused all this trouble, will now give us some peace and quiet!"

If the foreign correspondent is to do his work properly he must have effective co-operation from his home office. But when one remembers how little the foreign political editor of a popular newspaper here knows, not only about the problems, but even about the countries involved, it is obvious that such co-operation is rarely possible. In the case of many newspapers on the continent, the foreign editor has graduated to the foreign editorial chair after having had wide experience in many important foreign capitals. In other words, he has had first hand experience of the conditions under which his own foreign correspondents are living, and the problems they have to tackle. How rare is this in the case of London daily newspapers. And what is even worse, how many of them will argue it is superfluous!

The importance of the need for improving foreign correspondence is often freely admitted by thoughtful editors though little is done to remedy it on the grounds of expense and lack of space. Both these objections, however, can be met. In the case of the former, if but half the needless waste of telephoning the various offices abroad—to ask for "stories" which are mere sensations, or have already been better "covered" by the news agencies, was used to get competent foreign correspondents this problem would be easily solved. And as for finding the necessary space for the right kind of foreign news, that would also be easy even without any increase in peace time space, provided that it were devoted more to things that really matter.

Something might profitably be said about the relationship between the foreign correspondent and the diplomat. Their professions have often been compared. The diplomat has to perform the two functions of interpreting his own Government's desires and opinions to the authorities of the State to which he is accredited, as well as of interpreting those of his accredited State to his own Foreign Office. The foreign correspondent, on the other hand, reports events and tendencies in his adopted country only to his own newspaper. And whereas the former enjoys complete immunity from attack,

the latter is constantly running the risk of expulsion or other punishment.

They complement the one the other, and in consequence should co-operate closely. The diplomat may know very much about events within his own sphere, but this is so restricted that often its very exact knowledge is a hindrance rather than a help to enable him to paint a true picture of conditions and trends in his accredited country. Particularly has this proved the case in countries where new socio-political revolutions have thrown up leaders with whom the British diplomat has not proved a successful mixer, nor in fact shown a desire to mix, for the purpose of proper understanding. This is not simply the case in Germany and Italy. Years ago, a well-known British historian after a visit to a continental capital run by Socialists said pathetically to the writer, "Our Minister tells me the trouble is that these Socialists never come and tell him anything of what goes on!" The foreign correspondent, on the other hand, by the variety of his "contacts" and the freedom with which he can move about among all sections of the local community, could make up for this deficiency.

Such co-operation between diplomat and foreign correspondent is common to most nations, but not to the British. It is a common occurrence to find foreign correspondents of American newspapers at most of the receptions given by their own diplomats, to find them constantly ringing up and arranging appointments with their Ambassadors, Ministers or Consuls for discussion of matters of mutual benefit. But could anyone imagine this happening in the case of the British? For a British foreign correspondent to be able to meet his diplomatic representative on such intimate terms is very exceptional. Even on the rare occasions when he is received, the correspondent is told nothing, so that he generally leaves declaring that it was a waste of time, and vowing never to go again if he can help it. He will take care for the future only to appear (if at all), as a matter of courtesy, on the King's Birthday—that frostiest of receptions, and nearest approach to a Sunday School treat without the Sunday School spirit, when his diplomatic host has but one thought, to reach that happy moment when the last guest will have departed.

In all this, it is generally the diplomat (and his State) who is the loser, rather than the foreign correspondent. For the latter has the better perspective because nowadays the big trends are those of the movements of the people, of those masses, of whom the diplomat, often because of his training,

knows next to nothing, and cannot interpret aright until they result in some drastic action which he is powerless to prevent. Take the case of Germany. Was any British foreign correspondent in that country hoodwinked as to the real meaning of Nazism, long before September 3, 1939? The world outside would hardly admit the same about the British diplomatic representatives there.

The foreign correspondent, it has to be admitted, has very often in the past few years himself carried out more effectively the advice given to the diplomat of putting himself in the position of the person with whom he is dealing and trying to imagine what he would wish, do or say, under given circumstances.*

Sometimes, too, there is also the case of the diplomat actively opposed and contemptuous of journalism like the Ambassador who a few years ago was proudly boasting that his greatest accomplishment was to have got one of the best known of British correspondents expelled from the particular country in which both worked. This was because that particular correspondent, a very knowledgeable man, was sending reports which inconveniently contrasted with the policy the Ambassador wished to pursue.

Another thing which must be said is that in Europe most British foreign correspondents rarely felt that they would be protected by their diplomatic or consular representative if it came to anything serious. Here again, what a contrast with America, e.g., the way in which Wiley (then U.S.A. Consul-General in Vienna) or before that Messersmith (then Consul-General in Berlin) took up the cudgels on behalf of American newspaper correspondents. British colleagues were too often made to feel that they were a nuisance if any inconvenience arose; and it was not long before their head offices also got tired of the disturbances to the normal routine resulting from the fight for liberty of expression. There was a report current in Berlin, at the time when the appeasement policy was in full swing, that it was very probable there would be a change in the policy of expelling publicly the "tactless" correspondents who did not realize how bad an effect their reporting was having upon the good relations between Chamberlain-

*Il faut qu'il se dépouille en quelque sorte de ses propres sentiments pour se mettre en la place du Prince (say, the Government) avec qui il traite, qu'il se transforme, pour ainsi dire en luy, qu'il entre dans ses opinions et dans ses inclinations et qu'il se dise lui-même après l'avoir connu tel qu'il est, *si j'étois en la place de ce Prince avec le même pouvoir, les mêmes passions et les mêmes préjugés, quels effets produiroient en moy les choses que j'ay à luy représenter?* —Callières

Britain and Hitler-Germany. It would be better it was said that a correspondent warned three times by the German authorities should be quietly asked to leave by his own Embassy. Whether the report was true or not, it was freely discussed among the correspondents vitally affected at the time, and clearly indicated the direction in which they felt things were developing.

All that may have been necessary for a policy of appeasement which, however, has no place in the present scheme of things. With it should also disappear that other-world-outlook so common to the diplomat—due not to spirituality, but to lack of perception of the real world around him—which did so much to alienate British correspondents and business men abroad. Its abolition is essential in the interests of both democracy and efficiency. If the reader finds many a fairly well-informed foreign correspondent cynical about the diplomatic profession, it should not be immediately assumed that this is due to some form of inferiority complex, but rather to a genuine annoyance at the opportunities for peace and understanding between the nations which the diplomat has failed to foster because they came from a section of the community which was unaccustomed to hunt or given to bridge-playing, and which could not express itself in the conventional language to which the diplomat was trained.

It is impossible within the scope of this article to discuss the changes in training and method of appointment of the foreign correspondent and in the new form of co-operation between himself and the home office, which seem essential to enable the correspondent to play his important rôle of international interpreter of and contributor to world developments. But in conclusion it should also be said that fundamental to all such changes must be an even greater sense of responsibility and of mission in the foreign correspondent himself.

(Robert Powell is the nom-de-plume of a foreign correspondent who has spent many years in that profession in various capitals.)

THE SILICOSIS PROBLEM

BY D. G. SKINNER

IN his article on 'Mining Accidents and Disease,'* Mr. Coombes gave a very real picture of the hazards to which the coal-miner is exposed. Those who have read his account will have observed with what dread the South Wales miner, in particular, looks upon silicosis, which has taken such a terrible toll of life and health in his coal-field. Mr. Coombes does a real service to his fellow-workers in writing of the disease from the point of view of one who is exposed to the danger of contracting it.

During the past ten years or so a great deal of research, sponsored both by the coal owners and by the responsible government departments with the co-operation of the colliery managements, has been carried out with the object of defeating, or, at the very worst, holding at bay, this enemy of the miner. The results of this work so far have been, to all concerned, somewhat disappointing. This fact must be taken as being an index to the complex nature and difficulty of the problem.

At the outset it should be stated that it is difficult to understand why the incidence rate of disabling pulmonary disease is so much higher in the anthracite area of South Wales than elsewhere in the mining districts of Britain. The apparent absence of a simple solution to the problem has greatly impeded scientific work.

Silicosis, as its name implies, is strictly speaking the condition set up in the lung by the inhalation of silica dust. It is, therefore, easy to understand why the disease has been so prevalent among the goldminers of South Africa, since the latter may, unless suitable precautions are taken, be exposed to the risk of breathing dust produced by the disintegration of the almost pure quartz with which the metal is associated. It is a characteristic of silicosis as met with in South Africa that it is accompanied by the symptoms of tubercular infection. In studying the lung disease which is so prevalent in the anthracite

*THE FORTNIGHTLY, January, 1941.

area of South Wales, the difficulty at once arises that the rocks of the strata in which the miners work do not, generally speaking, contain a higher proportion of free silica than do the rocks of the Coal Measures in other parts of this country. Furthermore, it is fair to say that, on the whole, the rocks of the anthracite area contain rather less silica in the uncombined state than do those of the rest of the South Wales coalfield, where lung trouble is much less prevalent. As is shown by statistical analysis, the development of serious lung complaints among anthracite workers is not confined to those who have a past history of work in rock containing a high percentage of free silica; indeed, a large number of the certified cases of silicosis have not been exposed to any rock dust, but only to coal, shale and fire-clay dusts, which, in moderate amounts at any rate, are agreed, in the absence of other complicating factors, to do little harm from the physiological point of view.

In view of the foregoing, in order to attempt to understand the cause of the wide prevalence of silicosis among anthracite miners, one is forced back to an analysis of the respects in which conditions in the area differ from those in other coal-fields. These are:

1. As anthracite dust is not explosive, 'stone-dusting' is not practised.

It should be explained that, in ordinary collieries, it is required by mining regulations that the dust lying on the floor of the mine shall not contain sufficient coal dust to carry on an explosion initiated by a chance ignition of gas. This is secured by distributing 'stone-dust,' which is produced by the fine grinding of shale or limestone, in order to dilute the coal dust. 'Stone-dust' if produced from shale may contain up to 25 or 30 per cent. of free silica, but in collieries where its use is necessary silicosis is comparatively rare. The fact that 'stone-dusting' is unnecessary means that the amount of dust lying on the roadways of an anthracite mine is less than in an ordinary colliery where otherwise similar conditions obtain. There is therefore less dust raised by the tramping of men or other causes.

2. In anthracite mines fewer pneumatic drills and picks are used than elsewhere. As these tools are liable to produce dust the anthracite worker is in a more favourable position, in this respect, than other miners.

3. Temperatures on the coal face are certainly no higher than in other places where silicosis is practically unknown.

4. In anthracite mines more explosive is used during the working shifts at the coal face.

This is probably of considerable importance since the explosive leaves behind it nitrous fumes, which are known to affect seriously the respiratory passages if present in sufficient, though small, quantities. More important still, indications have been obtained by experiments with animals that the inhalation of small quantities of these fumes along with silica dust greatly increases the rate at which signs of silicosis show themselves. All this seems to suggest that especial care is needed in the ventilation of anthracite pits. It has also frequently been urged, as a safety precaution, that shot-firing at the coal-face should be done, as far as possible, between shifts.

5. In the majority of South Wales anthracite collieries access to the workings is given by means of slants or inclined adits, and not by shafts. The men ride to and from their work on a train of trolleys known as a 'spake.' The distance travelled may be upwards of half a mile, and the time taken is usually twenty minutes. The men sit with their faces towards the bottom of the slant, and since the 'spake' usually runs in the main air intake, they travel with their backs towards the direction of the wind as they are brought out to the surface. In winter the temperature change from the workings to the surface may be over 40° fahrenheit. In addition to this it must be remembered that the air velocities, to which the men are subjected while travelling, are high, upwards of 1000 feet per minute.

Mr. Coombes mentions this point in his article. More than one expert has emphasized that these factors render the anthracite miner especially liable to bronchitis, and so may feasibly have a very great bearing on the prevalence of serious lung trouble which so often has a fatal termination. It should here be explained that when a person with healthy lungs is exposed to a dusty atmosphere, the dust is, by a complicated physiological process, continually being removed. Otherwise the lungs would very soon become choked with it. Bronchitis damages the mechanism of this dust elimination process, and so renders the lung more liable to attack from any harmful dust which may be present in the atmosphere. It seems essential therefore that the miner should take special precautions against the risk of bronchitis. Whether it is practicable to minimize this hazard by covering in the trolleys or by fitting them with hoods is outside the province of the present writer. The individual method of protection, by wearing a suitable garment, is, however, certainly a practical proposition, provided that understandable prejudice can be overcome.

The above very brief analysis of possible causes of lung

trouble in the anthracite mines has been given to show the complexity of the problem. The present writer has no wish to take sides in the controversy as to whether or not there are two kinds of 'silicosis,' one real and the other pseudo. That is a question to be decided by the medical authorities. That disablement and death from pulmonary disease is so common is surely the important fact to be tackled. There is general agreement that dust inhalation is the root cause of this deplorable state of affairs. The obvious policy to be followed is that of limiting as completely as possible the production of dust of all kinds, and probably, as a second line of defence, the more universal use of respirators. Mr. Coombes indicates what seem to him to be the more important facts of the dust menace, and combative measures which might be taken. During recent years, in many parts of the country, including South Wales, progress has been made, working on lines similar to those which he mentions.

The dust to which the miner is exposed may roughly be divided into two categories:

- a. The dust produced from the Coal Measure rocks.
- b. The dust produced during the actual mining of the coal itself.

The workers most liable to be brought into contact with dangerous concentrations of the dust formed by the disintegration of the rocks are those engaged in development work and in 'ripping,' and large numbers of these have undoubtedly fallen victims to silicosis. Here the operations chiefly responsible for dust production are drilling, blasting and the filling of the debris from the blasting into 'tubs.'

The ideal method of drilling is to use water-fed drills, which are capable of practically completely eliminating dust from this source. In some places this is objected to on account of the somewhat large amount of water used, the deleterious effect of the water upon the strata and the diminished cooling power of the air in hot workings. Alternative precautions which are available in such cases are either foam-drilling or the use of dust traps, in which the dust is removed from the mouth of the borehole by means of an air current and collected in a suitable filter. All these methods, the efficacy of which has been exhaustively tested by research, are now well known and widely used.

The reduction of dust after blasting is not capable of such a straightforward solution. It will be understood that the air in a 'heading' is, unless auxiliary ventilating pipes are

installed, stagnant, and therefore any dust raised into the air is liable to hang about for a long time. After blasting in such a place, unless it is wet, the dust cloud is sufficient to reduce the visibility to practically nil. By far the greater part of this dust is produced not by the actual shattering of the rock, but by the concussion of the shot, which throws into suspension the dust which is strewn on the floor, roof and sides of the 'heading.' It is obvious therefore that careful cleaning-up operations, as the 'heading' goes forward, are well worth while. A practical method for suppressing dust produced by blasting in a 'heading,' the efficacy of which can be vouched for by the present writer out of his own experience, is by means of a mist projector. By its use the 'heading' may be filled with a water fog, the individual droplets in which attach themselves to the dust particles and so cause them to settle rapidly. A progressive advantage accrues to the use of this device, since the dust, being made damp, is not so easily raised by succeeding blasting operations.

The broken rock produced by the blasting contains large quantities of fine dust which is liable to be raised into the air when the debris is shovelled into 'tubs.' This source of dust production can be minimized to a certain extent by spraying with water from time to time. It is difficult to envisage any other solution except the wearing of respirators by the men engaged in the filling-out operation, and the provision of adequate ventilation.

During the past ten years or so the machine mining of coal has increased by leaps and bounds, and this has undoubtedly led to a great intensification of the coal-dust nuisance. The industry has not been slow to recognize this, and energetic measures, backed by scientific research, have been taken to combat it. Since the outbreak of war research programmes have been necessarily modified, but much work is still going on and is being rewarded with good results. When it becomes possible to apply these results in practice it will be found that considerable strides have been made in the direction of solving the coal-dust problem.

One of the greatest culprits in producing coal dust is, as Mr. Coombes points out, the coal-cutter itself. It should be possible to diminish this dust production by the use of water sprays fixed to the coal-cutter, and this method of attack is being investigated. The conveyor end, where the coal falls from the travelling belt into the 'tubs,' is a point of great dustiness. Mr. Coombes would agree, one is sure, that the effect of the dust

cloud on the illumination is a potential source of accidents. At these loading points the dust may be effectively countered by the use of extractors, many types of which are now on the market. The dust is drawn by suction from a cowl over the 'tub' into a filter or spray chamber, whence it can be removed and safely taken to the surface. The improvement in comfort and illumination conditions which follows the installation of such a dust extractor at a loading point is very marked. Mr. Coombes's suggestion of using sprays over the conveyor end has actually been tried with success in some collieries. This method has the great merit of simplicity and cheapness. A large quantity of finely divided coal dust passes from the coal face into return airways even when precautions are taken at loading points and at the face. In Mr. Coombes's own district of South Wales attempts are being made to deal with this dust by means of water sprays and other methods, and encouraging results are reported.

In spite of all that has been written here it must be conceded that, in many circumstances underground, the only effective precaution against dust inhalation which it is possible for the worker to take is the wearing of a respirator. It is gratifying that their use in South Wales has shown so great an increase. The importance of this method of protection will be appreciated when it is realized that, in the case of a definitely dangerous dust, such as silica, the most lethal particles are those which are so small that they cannot be seen by the naked eye.

Mr. Coombes has three objections to the wearing of a respirator, the hindrance to breathing which it presents to a man doing hard work, the fear that the respirator itself may affect the lungs, and the belief that the respirator itself allows the passage of dust. There is no doubt that in the past many respirators have fully justified these objections. Apart from the mere discomfort of breathing they have been widely suspected of causing emphysema, the condition of diminished lung capacity due to thickening of the tissues. On the other hand, some of those which allowed easy breathing also allowed easy passage of dust particles. The dust respirator known as the Mark IV, developed at the Chemical Defence Research Station in this country, definitely offers a high degree of protection combined with low resistance to breathing. Others may be equally good, although the information available regarding their capabilities is not so exact.

It is undoubtedly true that men vary greatly in their liability

to succumb to chest complaints, and it therefore seems logical to expect that a preliminary medical examination of all those proposing to enter the mining industry, especially in districts where silicosis is rife, would lead to a marked improvement in the position. This has often been urged by prominent authorities, some of whom advocate periodical examination after admission. If this were done the disease could receive suitable treatment in its early stages, with greatly increased chances of success. A difficulty, which nevertheless should be capable of solution, arises here in that the treatment would almost certainly entail a change of occupation, and the men could not be expected to submit to examination unless their future economic welfare were guaranteed.

It is both interesting and salutary for a scientific worker to read, in the last paragraph of Mr. Coombes's article, of how his efforts are regarded by the practical miner. A great problem such as the one under consideration, demands the co-operation with the miner of experts, in many branches of science, who have no previous knowledge of mining as such, but who nevertheless are anxious to play their part in finding a solution. The scientist, on his side, is not encouraged when he finds out that the devices which have been developed to assist in allaying dust are in use only on the days when he is expected to descend into the workings.

(Mr. D. G. Skinner is a research chemist, who has been working for some years on the problem of Silicosis.)

THE WAR WITH ITALY

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

WHEN the Libyan offensive was launched it was announced that it would be wise to look on it as a major raid.

I think we may take it that, had he encountered determined opposition, General Wavell was prepared to withdraw to his defences at Mersa Matruh after having disturbed Graziani's preparations for invasion and shown him that he was not immune to attack.

It is certain that the object of the attack was not to recover ground previously abandoned, but to anticipate and frustrate Graziani's plans, inflicting all the damage practicable by a lightning stroke. In his original attack General Wavell did not commit the bulk of his force, but only such part of it as could be made extremely mobile. But he was evidently fully prepared to exploit success and had large reserves immediately available. Consequently, though he can hardly have expected Italian resistance to have been so feeble, he was not surprised by the magnitude of his achievements to an extent that left him unable to seize his opportunity. His plans in fact provided for a maximum success and he appears to have visualized the possibility of capturing material which would ease supply problems in a rapid pursuit. Here again, however, a windfall of one thousand lorries could not have been expected.

Carefully and fully as plans had been laid there was no rigidity about them. They lent themselves to modification as the situation developed, and the initiative of subordinate commanders was given full play.

How unlike all this is to attacks delivered in the static conditions of the last war, where objectives were generally ground features beyond which troops were seldom encouraged, or even allowed, to advance till a fresh plan had been worked out and authorized by high authority. Yet when it came to attacking the strongly entrenched Bardia position experience of the last war, as well as of this war, was turned to good account. Infantry were as well used in a set piece attack as had been the

highly mobile units. The co-operation between the three Services and all arms of each Service, was evidently admirable; objectives and timing, of air attacks especially, were well arranged to further the interests of operations as a whole.

It has been suggested in some quarters that General Wavell might have been content merely to invest Bardia, and to pass his main pursuing force round it for the further advance towards Tobruk. That suggestion is presumably inspired by memories of the casualties incurred in the last war in attacks on entrenched positions. It does, however, appear to ignore the supply difficulties which a bye-passing movement would here have involved; and also the extent to which General Wavell's striking force would have been reduced by dropping an investing detachment. Bardia blocked the main motor road and the Port which were essential for the maintenance of the further westward advance of a large force. Moreover, the twenty to thirty thousand troops in Bardia would have entailed a considerable investing force to watch them. These considerations must have had greater weight than a desire to add to the tale of prisoners by the capture of the place.

It was of course possible, and obviously right, to bye-pass mobile detachments in order to make contact with the Italians at Tobruk and to reduce the chances of escape or relief of the Bardia garrison. That, however, was a different matter to bye-passing the main army. Immediate attack on Bardia was in fact a necessity if invaluable time was not to be lost, with consequences which might well have affected the issue of the campaign.

Undoubtedly if the Italians had fought with determination the attack might have involved heavy casualties; but that is a risk a good commander must always be prepared to take. In the event the speed and perfection with which preparations for the assault were made reduced casualties to an amazingly small figure; probably much smaller than if it had been decided to conduct deliberate siege operations; which was practically the only other alternative. It must be realized, however, that the astonishingly few casualties the Army of the Nile has so far suffered, cannot be taken as an assurance that armour now enables us to win victories at small cost of life. Such a belief would be dangerous, for it might lead to the impression that heavy casualties imply incompetence or failure. When circumstances demand it heavy casualty lists must still be risked. Our fighting Services fully recognize that, but public opinion is still affected by the desperate losses incurred at the Somme

and Passchendaele. One may hope, with some confidence, that those experiences will never be repeated, but one should not found hopes on the price paid for success in Libya. The fact that our troops are much more highly trained than they ever were in the last war, is the best guarantee that casualties will, in this war, never be wastefully excessive.

Speculation naturally is current as to the extent General Wavell will be able to follow up his success. His object certainly must be the defeat of Graziani's remaining forces and not the occupation of territory, except such localities as would provide naval and air bases, or be necessary for the conduct of his operations.

Of Graziani's original army, estimated at a quarter of a million men, less than two thirds remain, and his losses of equipment are probably in higher proportion. But not all of his remaining force is available to oppose General Wavell's advance as an integral body. His detachment in Tobruk, which may amount to 20,000 men, appears, as I write, to be isolated and likely to meet the fate of the garrison of Bardia; and there are other isolated detachments which must be maintained, if only for reasons of internal security. The defences of his frontier with Tunis cannot be entirely denuded and his remaining ports must be garrisoned.

It would seem unlikely therefore that Graziani has at his command a field army either as numerous or as well equipped as the force prepared for invasion of Egypt, destroyed at Sidi Barani and Bardia. Will he risk his last reserves in an attempt to cover Benghazi if the Army of the Nile continues to advance westwards, taking Tobruk and Derna in its stride? Obviously an advance over such a great distance would depend on the extent to which the Nile Army could be supplied by stores landed at ports captured, but it does not seem impracticable.

The capture of Benghazi would involve the total withdrawal of the Italians from Cyrenica but, if undefeated, Graziani might still fall back on Tripolitania. The abandonment of Cyrenica would be another heavy blow to Italian prestige but Graziani might accept that rather than risk further defeat in battle which would expose Tripoli to danger. The importance of Tripoli strategically, from its proximity to Sicily on the other side of the narrow waist of the Mediterranean, is obviously much greater than that of Cyrenica, now that the threat to Egypt has been eliminated. A British attack on Tripoli, provided that a substantial army is available to hold it seems hardly conceivable, and it seems probable therefore that

Graziani would decide to cut his losses in Cyrenica and concentrate on the defence of Tripolitania. On the other hand, possession of Benghazi would enable British forces in Libya to be reduced to a minimum and thus set free the bulk of the Nile Army for employment elsewhere. For that reason we may not attempt to go further.

It is natural to consider how the Libyan campaign will affect our other commitments.

It has of course directly affected the position of the Italians in Abyssinia. While Egypt was under threat from the west their potential nuisance value was considerable. Now their plight is unenviable. It seems highly improbable that we should expend resources on a major invasion of Abyssinia but air action and the activities of our frontier troops encourage and assist the activities of Abyssinian "patriots" (apparently their officially accepted designation.) Border skirmishes impose on the Italians the necessity of dispersing their forces along their frontiers, and of keeping them supplied by convoys vulnerable to the action of the patriots. Irreplaceable reserves are thus steadily being exhausted and internal dangers increase. It is not unduly optimistic to believe that the situation of the Italians will become intolerable, and that a time will come when they themselves will wish to be evacuated to a safer area if only in the interests of colonizing families. If that time comes the evacuation of streams of Italians through Berbera would be a satisfying method of restoring such prestige as was lost in Somaliland.

In Albania the prospects of Italy retrieving the situation without substantial German assistance diminish. Greek pressure has, under the most adverse weather conditions, been maintained with admirable energy and skill. Even if Valona cannot be captured its value as a disembarkation port is reduced, which makes Durazzo and S. Giovanni all the more vulnerable to air attack, and shortens the front on which a counter-offensive could be launched. German action, when the spring improves campaigning conditions in the Balkans, may of course change the situation in Italy's favour, and Greece may then need more help.

Seasonal conditions are obviously of immense importance in the Mediterranean theatre. Winter, which makes decisive operations in the Balkans impracticable, is the campaigning season in Libya. One may be certain that General Wavell will take full advantage of that fact and will aim at being in a position

to meet new calls that may be made on him when the spring comes.

Germany's intentions are still not clearly indicated, but, whatever her plans are, we may be sure that they will not be disturbed merely in order to bring assistance to her partner in distress. Only so far as Italian operations fit in with her plans is she likely to give her ally substantial support.

Germany remains the chief enemy and her invasion project is not dead. Italy's power for mischief has been immensely reduced and she does not to any considerable extent constitute a prop to the Axis. The temptation to accelerate her complete downfall is manifest, but, I suggest, that our object now should be to limit our action against her to gaining such advantages as will enable us to concentrate our resources for the defeat of our chief enemy wherever he may be met. The elimination of the danger to Egypt is of immense importance, but to attempt to drive Italy out of the war if it in any way weakened our position towards Germany would be a waste of effort. The plan of knocking away props has distinct limitations and may involve entanglements.

THE WAR AT SEA

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

ON January 2 an announcement appeared in the Italian press that a German air contingent would shortly take part in the Mediterranean campaign. Eight days later it made its appearance in action, attacking a convoy carrying supplies to Greece, escorted by units of the Mediterranean fleet. In the battle which resulted—for “battle” it was though the combatants on one side were ships and aircraft and on the other aircraft only—the enemy lost 12 aircraft (an Italian destroyer had been sunk shortly before) and the British force suffered what appears to be the disablement for some time of an aircraft carrier and a destroyer, and the loss of a cruiser on board of which fires were caused by bombs which could not be got under and made it necessary to sink her. How far is the command of the Mediterranean affected by this display of air power?

Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby, answering a question as to what he implied by the term “command of the sea” replied to the effect that he would consider that he had command of a particular part of the sea when he could say that he was prepared to move a military expedition across it. By that criterion the command of the sea on the Eastern route in the Mediterranean has been held by the British fleet since Italy’s entrance into the war; but the question arises whether, in the face of this demonstration of strength, we are prepared to send other convoys by the same route in the same manner. It is a question which only those who possess full knowledge of all the circumstances are competent to answer, but on the face of it it seems certain that we shall have to adopt new measures to reassert our superiority and re-establish our command, directed specifically against the enemy air forces in Sicily and, presumably, elsewhere. The Royal Air Force was prompt in making its reply by bombardments on the 12th and 13th on the establishment at Catania, whence it was assumed that the attack was launched, with the result of destroying or disabling over 30 aircraft: damage which, though considerable, was not

enough to prevent the enemy forces from making heavy attacks on Malta.

One deduction from this event would seem to be that in the conduct of such major operations as the movement of these important convoys there must be as complete a co-ordination, both in the preparatory and executive stages as there was in the military operations leading up to and achieving the victories at Sidi Barrani and Bardia. And it goes further. The Air Force is needed to take a part in both the land and sea campaigns and if it is to develop its full strength those campaigns themselves must be co-ordinated; in other words, two major operations should not be undertaken simultaneously, so far as it is possible, at least until our air forces are considerably stronger. Admittedly, this may not always be practicable—counsels of perfection rarely are—but it is a principle at which to aim.

Now that the German Air Force has come to the help of her ally we may expect to see the attempt to cut the route to the East made with stronger air forces, and it remains to be seen whether the surface and submarine forces of Italy will be thrown in to co-operate with those in the air. The disablement of several of the heavy units at Taranto came at a very opportune moment and it is to be hoped that, in the attack made on the other ships that were sheltering in Naples on the 9th, some of the bombs found their targets. In spite however of the losses suffered at Taranto it is strange that no attempt was made by the very respectable forces that were uninjured to interfere in the operations of the British ships, from battleships to monitor and river gunboats, that were harassing the armies in Sidi Barrani and Bardia. Few, I think, among us would have cared to predict that the bombardment of the armies from the sea would have been so little disturbed by both surface and submarine vessels. But Italian strategy has preferred to send its submarines to attack merchant ships outside the Mediterranean and to keep its large surface units in port. It is however within the bounds of possibility that measures tending to induce the recall of the submarines for purposes of defence nearer home may be put into operation in the not too distant future.

The campaign against British and neutral commerce continues, but not without some abatement, for the moment. Whether the improvement will be maintained cannot, as many writers have remarked, be foretold. There have been fallings off before, followed by heavy losses, and the lower figures for

the two weeks in the beginning of January may be due to the heavy weather in the Atlantic restricting the use of the enemy's bombers, and the return of a number of craft to harbour. Nevertheless, the figures are encouraging and it does not seem improper to attribute the improvement in part to better methods and fuller co-operation between surface and air craft, to a steadily increasing number of both kinds of anti-submarine units, and the attacks by air upon the bases of the enemy in France. The systematic destruction of the oil supplies, and the injury done to the means of transport of oil to the ports, are bound to exercise an effect upon the number of submarines that can be sent to sea. Fuel supplies are indeed of paramount importance and it seems possible that, in view of the difficulties in getting oil to the western ports of France from which the submarines are operating, the long distance craft are sent across the Atlantic and obtain their fuel from neutrals in those parts in the same way as the surface raiders have done at various times.

The surface raider continues to present a difficult problem even if the quantitative damage she inflicts is, compared to that done by the submarine, small. Still, it is far from negligible; and it is not easy to bring her to book, operating as she is doing in wide spaces and getting her supplies from complaisant neutrals. The two primary measures of trade protection—cruising and convoy—are difficult to apply with a cruiser force so reduced as ours was under the preposterous Treaty of London. The focal points of the routes of shipping in the Pacific are numerous; to station ships in all of them is beyond our means, and to organize the whole of that trade in convoys demands a considerable number of fighting ships, besides slowing up the trade and thus directly reducing the tonnage available. But shipping is now experiencing one welcome relief in the fact that tonnage is now not needed to bring the heavy bombers from America. Another relief, though of a different order is in the provision, in the American "British Aid Bill" that repairs can be made in American establishments to defence articles. "The provision is broad enough to permit the use of any of our military, naval or air bases to fit out or repair weapons of countries whose defence is vital to the defence of the United States." The value of that provision is obvious, and the annoyance of the German authorities is natural; the solemn rebuke that this is contrary to the Hague Convention, delivered in bland Teutonic oblivion to the unending successions of breaches of that Convention and of every

other engagement and treaty entered into by Germany, from the violation of Belgium's neutrality in 1914 to the bombardment of English towns and villages in 1940, affords an illustration of the curious mentality of the race.

The heavy surface raider, supposed to be one of the "pocket" battleships, which attacked a convoy in the Atlantic at Christmas and made so rapid a retreat when the cruisers of the escort made their appearance, has not since been reported, and she must therefore be assumed to be still at large; in which case she, like her predecessor the *Graf Spee*, will probably be heard of in due time in the Southern seas. Fortunately, her auxiliary the *Baden* was sunk, and this loss may delay and deflect her activities for a while. In the meantime General Wavell's victories on land and Admiral Cunningham's at sea are steadily paving the way towards the release of some of our heavy ships to deal with the depredations of these commerce destroyers. With the advance of the army of the Nile westward and, it is to be hoped, the capture of bases for the fleet still closer to the line of supply of the army under Marshal Graziani, we may reasonably look forward to an almost complete isolation of that army.

T. S. ELIOT

A Search for Foundations

BY RICHARD CHURCH

THE most outstanding literary excitement during the past quarter of a century is the career of T. S. Eliot. He came to Old England from New England just before the last war. His arrival was not keenly noted, for he came in the wake of another, a literary eccentric named Ezra Pound, whose verse with its exploitation of a dubious scholarship has outraged our academics and bored many lovers of poetry; myself amongst them. Nevertheless, Mr. Pound has persisted. He has waged a one-man war against the English tradition, making his headquarters on Montparnasse, and using his type-writer as an erratic machine-gun.

For a few years he made quite a stir here, before crossing the Channel in disgust. Mr. Eliot has believed in him, however, and remained faithful in that belief, publishing his collected poems and writing an Introduction to them, as well as dedicating his own *Waste Land* to him. It is a fidelity worth study, but not one which I would care to undertake as I lack sympathy with the subject. No just criticism comes from an assessor who begins, as I would begin, with complete antipathy. My insular taste, my delight in simplicity and a strong local tang, find no resting place in the cosmopolitan jugglery of Mr. Pound, with its pseudo-orientalism and its dabblings in medieval dialects. His verse has for me the quality of an archæological junk-shop run by a Levantine in the Tottenham Court Road.

I was not the only one who felt like this, and for some time Mr. Eliot paid the penalty of his faithful association with Mr. Pound. He offered his first work to a generation considerably prejudiced against him and his associations. I was guilty of that prejudice too; but there was something about Mr. Eliot's early verse which alienated me. It may have been because I was a contemporary; and contemporaries tend either to adulate or suspect. I suspected; for I did not like the Pound-ism which I saw in the work. I disliked the quotations in several

languages, the private or cliquish devices of telescoped images and the parade of much literary learning. It seemed to me to be a showing-off, and most un-English. It seemed to me to be the wrong way for a poet to work who wanted to settle amongst us, to skip his recent New England ancestry and to come back to the land and customs and prejudices and deep-rooted instincts of his forefathers in this country.

That was Mr. Eliot's aim as a writer. Whatever I might think of that aim, I could not see it as consistent with his literary practice, which was so emphatically un-rooted, cosmopolitan, and highbrow. I too was young and stiff-necked, and my uncompromising attitude later caused me dismay and confusion; for shortly I met the man, and was at once impressed by a personality sincere and direct, one that bore no malice in spite of a certain constitutional acidity. I decided that I must withdraw my judgment, and await further developments.

Those further developments followed rapidly; too rapidly. Mr. Eliot quickly found a following of young malcontents who became an embarrassing apostolici. They imitated and magnified the qualities which I had found so puzzling. They too, lauded Mr. Pound's verses. What were these qualities in Mr. Eliot's early work?

I have already referred to them, and I find it difficult to discuss them more fully, because the effort reminds me too painfully of my own shortcomings and intolerance at that time. I have just re-read the poems published in 1917, and my present detachment, warmed by my deep admiration for Mr. Eliot's later work, has enabled me to extract something more from them than I did twenty years ago. This volume, with that published in 1920, showed the strong influence of Robert Browning. But it was Browning with a difference. It was this difference that created many of the difficulties. The other difficulties, those due to my ignorance and limited literary recognitions, I could put off by blaming the influence of Mr. Pound. I can still do so, by quoting a poem written by Mr. Eliot in French.

J'erre toujours de-ci de-là
A divers coups de tra là là
De Damas jusqu'a Omaha.
Je célébrai mon jour de fête
Dans une oasis d'Afrique
Vêtu d'une peau de girafe

That sums up a predominating quality in Mr. Eliot's work at

that time; the quality of a private but bitter joke, the joke of a wanderer in strange places, the homeless man who knows not where he belongs, who sits in a Paris café amongst the other uprooted intellectuals trying to laugh off the chill of spiritual and actual exile. Perhaps the skin of a giraffe was chosen because Mr. Eliot wanted to stretch his neck in order to look back across the Atlantic for a last glance at the world he had left behind, and in which he could find no place and no mission.

This homelessness, this self-sought exile was voiced in a medium whose terse economy of structure was in itself a cynicism and a satire. That medium's obliquities of reference, its laconic asides, its broken rhythms and occasional eruptions into half-dotted dance measures, immediately caught the ear of the post-war generation. Mr. Eliot became a fashion, and the rebellious undergraduates of our two blue universities began to write in his medium, airing their new, still damp learning, their youthful bewilderment at the war-quaked society into which they were growing up, their misery at their deprivation of romanticism, and their loss over the slowness of orthodox religious dogma. A whole school of poets began dancing with Mr. Eliot "round the prickly pear," while the British public looked on sullenly, and departed. That public has not yet come back, and poets still have to write for each other; a hungry audience, reluctant to pay.

The Mr. Eliot of that time, as I have suggested, was not the fully self-discovered poet. I think that the work which made him fashionable was still apprentice work. He was still articulated to Browning. But he went more than one better than his master. He speeded up the dramatic impersonations, quick-changing at such a lightning pace that within the range of a few poetic images he put himself beneath the skin of half a dozen characters. Look at the first poem in his volume of *Collected Poems*, *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*. See how it begins, with Browning's hurried, hearty method setting the scene, followed by a sudden recoil, a denial of that assumption of heartiness as the underlying acute sensibility of the poet reveals itself and at the same time unconsciously explains the initial affectation of man-of-the-worldliness.

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels

And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
 Streets that follow like a tedious argument
 Of insidious intent
 To lead you to an overwhelming question
 Oh, do not ask, 'What is it?'
 Let us go and make our visit.

And we do make that visit. It is a searching one. It goes to enquire into the practice and incidence of sexual love, of friendship, of all human relationship as tossed and derided by the events of a post-war society. It brings out the potential personality of the poet, and shows hints of his intense nervous emotional make up, an organism so susceptible to the contact of daily life and ultra-daily life that he has had, hitherto, to assume this armour of a steely cold intellectualism; this bright, flashing scholarship carried from far, unhappy Boston and polished on Montparnasse.

So much for the Browningsque scene. There is not much solidity or quietness about it. There is much that is over-display, as there was in Browning. As for the idiom, Mr. Pound's influence appears, just as Leigh Hunt's vulgarisms appeared in Keats's early work. But already there is this pronouncement of self, and in 1922 it emerges with a touch of authoritativeness. Mr. Eliot is no longer afraid of his quick-change impersonations. Within the first twenty-five lines of *The Waste Land* he has been a multitude of folk. He starts with a blast of Walt Whitman's trumpet, announcing that

April is the cruellest month, breeding
 Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
 Memory and desire, stirring
 Dull roots with spring rain.

But immediately we are taken to a castle in Central Europe, our sex is changed, someone, a relative, calls us 'Marie' warningly, and before we have assimilated this metamorphosis, we are thrown amongst

A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
 And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
 And the dry stone no sound of water.

From that time onward, and in spite of Mr. Eliot's promise that "I will show you something different," the journey in his Proteus-like company is a journey in spiritual deserts, where the cactus, the prickly pear, the waterless rock, the dry rattle as he shakes several dessicated literatures, build up the mis-en-scene. For many years during Mr. Eliot's still unpronounced quest, this landscape is a constant. It is dry and dusty, but the dust is that of history. It is the scene which

Shelley looked on when he wrote the sonnet *Ozymandius*. It contains the rocks to which Shelley chained his Prometheus. That being so, I have always been puzzled by Mr. Eliot's loud-spoken dislike for Shelley's genius. Is it the irritability of one traveller towards another? However, we begin to know where we are with Mr. Eliot. He is wearing through the brilliancy, the parade of scholarship, the Poundisms. We see a figure somewhat grim, sardonic, twitchingly sensitive, and prepared for an asceticism which has not yet been fully assumed. This is the poet who introduces us to his world, with the words,

This is the dead land
This is cactus land
Here the stone images
The supplication of a dead man's hand
Under the twinkle of a facing star.

It means that he is coming to the frontier of this world of intellectual and social sophistication. He is shaking off his embarrassment of followers, those imitators who, in deifying him, have sought to fix him on a pedestal, an unwilling Simeon. He is within sight of another country.

Once having glimpsed that country, he does not look back. The vision acts upon him with astonishing results. It is rather as though he had been on the road to Damascus, and had met with Saul's blinding experience on the way. His work is seared too by that experience. It burns away almost to nothing. Poking about amongst the mental and emotional ashes, we see one recurrent phrase sticking out, clean as a burned bone.

Death's other kingdom.

It is a bleak phrase. What does it mean; what is its full significance? All that follows in Mr. Eliot's career as poet—and maybe also as man—is a commentary upon that phrase. It is not an easy process, although it is a simplifying one. As he sings in his most recent poem, *East Coker*,

Home is where one starts from. As we grow older
The world becomes stranger, the pattern more complicated
Of dead and living. Not the intense moment
Isolated, with no before and after,
But a lifetime burning in every moment
And not the lifetime of one man only
But of old stones that cannot be deciphered.

Earlier in the same poem is a passage which reveals, with nobility, and an intensity now characteristic of all his work.

much more of the meaning of that reference to death's other kingdom.

. . . . In order to arrive there,
 To arrive where you are, to get from where you are not,
 You must go by a way wherein there is no ecstasy.
 In order to arrive at what you do not know
 You must go by a way which is the way of ignorance.
 In order to possess what you do not possess
 You must go by the way of dispossession.
 In order to arrive at what you are not
 You must go through the way in which you are not.
 And what you do not know is the only thing you know
 And what you own is what you do not own
 And where you are is where you are not.

We see that it is a difficult country, still stony, still with its vegetation spined and arid. But there is something more. Some illumination, some purpose, has given this lonely traveller a direction, a path amongst the stones and the cactus. He is finding something. He is finding a country which he recognizes as his own, the native land of his second birth, that more important birth to which he refers again and again in his later poems. "Except ye be born again." And at the end of *The Journey of the Magi*,

. . . . I had seen birth and death.
 But had thought they were different; this Birth was
 Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.
 We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,
 But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,
 With an alien people clutching their gods.
 I should be glad of another death.

All this period of discovery is marked by an intense agony of soul. The poet is finding that his early life, with its uneasy groping after a congenial setting in a continent other than the one in which he was born, was nothing but a physical rehearsal of the journey which later was to bring him to self-knowledge, and the comforting humility set therein. But that comfort is not yet.

I have been wounded in a war of phantoms
 says the hero in his recent play *The Family Reunion*, and this same person, his spokesman, speaks directly of the processes which are assailing the poet who has now thrown away all his past assets of success, his followers, his flashy scholarship and his hard American wit.

The sudden solitude in a crowded desert
 In a thick smoke, many creatures moving
 Without direction, for no direction

Leads anywhere but round and round in that vapour—
 Without purpose, and without principle of conduct
 In flickering intervals of light and darkness;
 The partial anæsthesia of suffering without feeling
 And partial observation of one's own automatism
 While the slow stain sinks deeper through the skin
 Tainting the flesh and discolouring the bone—

Note that echo from the Shelley whom he once so hated;
 the Shelley who in *Adonais* was moving into a world of light
 Dantesque in tone, singing

From the contagion of the world's slow stain
 He is secure

Note too something in Eliot that is Dantesque; that is, the
 rhythmical lilt of unaccented syllables (those indexes of the
temperature of a man's soul) in most of his later work, and
 notably in this new play. Re-read that passage above and see
 how he has draped the material of syllables about the four-
 stress line. Note the ease of it, the grace of gesture, and the
 fall of the material about the bones, the skeleton. Such work
 is the sign of a spirit revived and reassured, as was Dante's in
Paradiso.

There is much I should like to analyse; the renewed contacts
 with society and individuals now that the poet has found a
 firm footing. You will see his shrewdness confirmed by toler-
 ance, and his wit made genial with sheer fun. You will see also
 a further purgation of spirit as he tries to re-read his past in
 the light of this new assurance.

For us, there is only the trying. The rest is not our business.

In that trying, all possibility of complacency is consumed,
 and he still experiences

. . . . a life-time burning in every moment
 And not the lifetime of one man only
 But of old stones that cannot be deciphered.

He finds

. . . . only a limited value
 In the knowledge derived from experience.
 The knowledge imposes a pattern, and falsifies,
 For the pattern is new in every moment
 And every moment is a new and shocking
 Valuation of all we have been.

We see the agony of personal uncertainty, of diffidence, of
 almost crushing humility, still present in his work. But how
 different in effect and expression from that malaise of his
 youth. Now it leads him to purer and purer candour in his
 work, instead of to a camouflage of book-knowledge and pictur-

esque bitterness. What bitterness is left is something that bites to the bone, and is directed upon his own inadequacy in his new world, "death's dream kingdom" instead of upon the banality of twentieth century Europe and America.

With all this characteristic dryness, elements of his nature which are as ineradicable as his physical make-up, we see him passing into his inheritance, a rare one which more comfort-loving folk would not like to share. But it has a beauty which few poets reach; a morning-of-the-world quality of light and simplicity, like the Giotto illustrations of Dante's world, where

. . . . beyond the hawthorn blossom and a pasture scene
The broadbacked figure drest in blue and green
Enchanted the maytime with an ancient flute.
Blown hair is sweet, brown hair over the mouth blown,
Lilac and brown hair;
Distraction, music of the flute, stops and steps of the mind over
the third stair,
Fading, fading; strength beyond hope and despair
Climbing the third stair.

Such is the world in which he has set his foundations, or rather discovered them. Knowing his own place there, all the latent geniality, tolerance, and simple virtue of his nature are revealed, both to himself and to the human society which he no longer lashes because of its sordidness and stupidity. His present stance is that of a happy warrior, home at last, and we can leave him where

Under a juniper-tree the bones sang, scattered and shining
We are glad to be scattered, we did little good to each other,
Under a tree in the cool of the day, with the blessing of sand,
Forgetting themselves and each other, united
In the quiet of the desert. This is the land which ye
Shall divide by lot. And neither division nor unity
Matters. This is the land. We have our inheritance.

JOURNEY TO THE END OF THE NIGHT

BY WILLY GOLDMAN

FOLLOWING the alarm I popped into the first blue-light shelter along the street. Usually I avoided my own district, but having found the West End shelters disappointing I decided I might as well have the convenience of distance—if no other sort. So I made straight for this place, a few doors from my home.

I crept down the stairs of the house quietly. I'm the sort that likes to make an inconspicuous entry. I arrived at a kind of vestibule that led to two basement rooms which were serving as the shelter. Hearing my hesitant shufflings, presumably, a woman popped her head out of one of these rooms and called, "Come right in, Son."

I mumbled something about "coming soon" and lingered in the passage, pretending to study one of the air-raid posters. I heard a new voice from inside ask: "Is somebody outside?"—then, in a slightly louder tone, intended to reach me: "Plenty o' room here, Son!" This invitation was immediately endorsed by the rest of the female occupants:

"*Yerse*—plenty o' room!"

"Hereya, I gotta place for him!"

"He needn't be shy—'e can squat here!"

I'm ashamed to admit it, but here's what I did: I crept back up the stairs again and out

It was after considerable prowling about side-streets that I ventured into the next shelter. A plane directly overhead sent me scuttling into it. Once at the foot of the stairs I thought I might as well investigate further. As in the previous shelter, a passage led the way to two rooms opposite each other. The first was very dimly-lit and depressing; a few people sat around on chairs and on a window-ledge. They looked like relatives of The Departed collected for the funeral; it wouldn't have surprised me to see a coffin in the centre. Had I a hat I would have doffed it. As it was I merely withdrew, deferentially, and stepped across to the room opposite to peer

inside. It was more cheerful-looking, although containing only women; there were seven of them, spread out on blankets, lying quite still except for one who was giving a sporadic commentary on the progress of the raid: "That was a near one!" she said from time to time at the sound of a distant thud. She was the only young one amongst the women present.

As neither she nor the others took any notice of me standing in the doorway I eventually plucked up the courage to walk in. First I leaned against the lintel, then, unobtrusively—so I imagined—spread my coat down and lay on it, my feet facing the doorway. After a few seconds I heard the young woman's voice in a loud aside behind me: "E'll catch cold in 'is feet, lyin' in that draught!" There were troubled murmurs of agreement. I pretended to sleep. "E'll catch cold, all right!" the voice persisted. The murmurs of agreement were more responsive; they vibrated with sympathy. I could see that everyone was on the verge of doing something about me, so I raised my head and said: "Well, it's the best I can find."

The young woman treated that remark as if it was an evasion and merely commented to the others with a kind of dark satisfaction: "'E'll catch cold, all right!"

The woman nearest to me, from her place against the wall behind the door, said: "'Ere, come beside me. You don't want your feet in the doorway like that!"

I got up reluctantly and decamped beside her. Now I was facing the room. Everyone murmured their satisfaction. "E'll be snug there," said the young woman, with an assurance I could see no grounds for. I ought to have felt grateful to her, I suppose. The fact is, though, I couldn't take to her at all. She was healthy in a way I disapprove of; every time she grinned her large, horsy, ear-to-ear grin I had a glimpse of the back of her gums.

In this position I tried to doze off. The young female had got everyone a-chatter at last: I suppose this is what she had wanted all the time. I could ignore it in part; it was the usual sepulchral bits of gossip you hear in air-raid shelters. They were no more cheerful a crowd of moaners than one would meet in any shelter.

I had practically got a grip on this elusive doze of mine—when a gruff voice revived me.

"Can't lie here," it said.

I looked up into the face of the Warden.

"Why not?"

"Gotta have the doorway clear in case of anything."

"It is clear, isn't it? The door's wide open."

"It's gotta be wider. People gotta be able to get out easily."

"We can get out easily enough, Warden," protested some of the women. "Two at a time, too."

"I got my instructions," said the Warden. I hesitated no longer. When you meet a Warden with "instructions" it is useless to dally. So many of them were too unimportant for "instructions" before the war—and will sink into that same state again after it.

To be brief, my feet were once more facing the doorway. I was glad I couldn't see the sympathetic faces of the women.

"'e wont 'arf catch cold," whispered the horsy female.

As a matter of fact, I began to believe her. I *was* cold. You couldn't wonder at that, it was past midnight already. The bombs seemed to be dropping quite frequently now. They distracted attention from me anyway; the sepulchral gossip took an even more sepulchral turn. The thuds were counted. "Don't know how them 'planes carry such a load," said one old woman. "Must 'ave a Carter Paterson 'itched on behind!"

The horsy female remained stubbornly cheerful. "Ain' it noisy?" she giggled. "Don't seem to bother my Georgie, though. There's a husband forya! Sleepin' upstairs in his bed safe as houses."

We could now hear voices from the room across the way: the thuds were apparently stirring the company out of its stupor—except for one man, it seemed, for his snores began to seep through to us.

"Coo!" said the horsy female.

"A disgrace," said one of the women.

"Wouldn't 'ave a man like that in *my* bed," said the gloomy old woman at the back.

The horsy female giggled and screamed in turn. "Ain' it dreadful?" she said.

"Dreadful ain't the word," said the old woman. "It's terrible!" It didn't seem a much better word to me.

"You don't 'ear anything like that from my Georgie," confided the horsy one. Sleeps like a mouse. J'know, often's the time I get up in the night to listen to his chest in case he's dead—he breathes that gentle!"

The old woman merely moaned. "I just don' see the sense in all this," she said. "Bombs, and snores—where's it all gonna lead to, I'd like to know?"

"Well, it's war, y'know," said the horsy one.

"Yes, but where's it all gonna lead to?" said the old woman,

almost fiercely. "A soul's gotta sleep at night once in a while!"

"No good askin' me, Mrs. Biggs. Ask 'itler!"

"'itler . . ." The old woman pondered the word, as if it was the answer to all riddles. "'itler," she repeated, and there were murmurs of approbation: everyone knew her thoughts.

"J'know what I'd do to that man if I 'ad 'im 'ere?" she said. "I'd make a Messerschmidt of him," she concluded darkly.

For the next few moments the room brooded thoughtfully on the snores coming from over the way. They were gathering volume, like the sound of an oncoming train. At any moment you expected something or other to hit you full in the face.

"Ain' it awful?" said the horsy female.

"Just as I was gettin' used to it as it was, an' all!" said one of the women.

I stretched my arms ostentatiously, and shivered.

"A turn in the passage 'll do you some good," advised the horsy female.

I nodded. It was the advice I'd been waiting for. I crept up and out along the passage. I never "turned" back. As I reached the street upstairs a nearby church-clock struck one.

I picked on my next shelter because of its emptiness compared with all the other shelters I had peered into on my way. There were six people in it—five of them members of one family, as I later discovered. They were huddled together on chairs in one corner of the huge, roomy basement. It served normally as the stock-room of a wholesale hosiers: the shelves were packed with brown-paper parcels labelled: *Ladies' Knickers: all sizes*. The sixth occupant of the shelter was using several of these parcels as a bed to sleep on. The Warden himself spent most of the time going upstairs "for a look."

The other occupants were a father and mother, two daughters and a grandmother. The only one out of the conversation was the elder daughter. She was busy nibbling at food which she periodically brought out from what seemed, in the dimness, all possible crevices in the wall behind her. I ultimately discovered that she had a shopping-bag there. A blanket covered her knees, making her look like an invalid in a bath-chair. Periodically she broke up the conversation by inquiring whether anyone "wanted any food," and after the usual refusals returned contentedly to her nibbling. Only on one

occasion was there a little scene when she offered her father some cheese. He gave it a special kind of look and said, "No." The look must have spoken volumes to the daughter, for she expostulated: "Don't take any notice of its looks, Father. It's good cheese."

"No, thank you," said the old man, preferring to trust his own powers of discrimination.

"All right." She tried to infer it was *his* loss. After that particular scene she offered no more food, but began to take a more lively interest in the raid outside. "That was a near one," she announced after each thud, adding, according to the occasion: "Buckley Street. Must have got the grocer's, I bet!" She seemed to try to calculate the destination of each bomb to the nearest square inch.

Her grandmother, alone amongst the others, accepted each surmise as a mathematically correct calculation.

"The grocer's," she moaned. "Aie, aie, what a shame! What's *he* done to anybody, I'd like to know?"

"Hitler doesn't care," exclaimed the younger girl bitterly. "Old or young, good or bad, we're all the same to him!"

A dog which had been sleeping peacefully beside the father's chair awoke and came trotting over to make my acquaintance. It wasn't the time of night when I care to strike up new friendships, but that is not a viewpoint a dog understands, so I let him have a noseful of me, expecting him to leave as soon as he had got me sized up. He remained, however, sniffing in all the parts of my body where food was least likely to be stored. I soon realized that he was conducting a kind of general reconnaissance—for he suddenly darted his nozzle into my jacket pocket, holding me down with one paw in the meantime. I remembered I had some sugar there; I always carry some around in case I have tea out. He tried to wriggle his nose deeper into my pocket. He must have been cursing himself for not having fingers. I couldn't make him withdraw in spite of my threatening gestures.

The family were amused. It was the first cheerful break they'd had that night.

"He's a very clever dog," said the father. "You can't hide anything from *him*."

I let him have a piece of sugar. He snaffled it up almost before it was in my hand, cracked it and gobbled it up, then stood looking at me in a kind of puzzled impatience, as if marvelling at my miserliness. At my continued unresponsiveness he barked defiantly at me. The man on the parcels awoke with

a start. "Thought it was a bomb!" he gasped. The dog went over to have a smell at him. His flavour wasn't comparable to mine, presumably, for the dog soon came trotting faithfully back to me.

"What a life!" the man on the parcels wheezed loudly, stretching himself.

"Such nights Hitler should have!" called out the mother of the family. She had been announcing that wish intermittently throughout the night, but evidently felt that the sleeping man might have missed it.

"Yeh," said the man on the parcels. "Bet 'e kips in peace."

"He should feel like me," said the woman.

"And like me," cut in the elder daughter.

"What's wrong with *you*?" said the father, with jocular bitterness. "You ain't been having a bad time there with your stinking cheese."

"Too big a mouth she's got," said the younger sister. "That's her trouble."

"And do you know your trouble?" came the hot retort. "I'll tell you—"

"I *say* there," the man on the parcels broke in, "Let's 'ave a bit o' quiet. See 'ere," he continued patiently, "I work in a market all day. For lor lummy's sake, chums, don' remind me of it! See whadder mean?"

The family must have immediately caught on to "whadde meant," for they shut up at once. The dog hadn't let up on me for a moment all this time. I had now come to the end of my sugar supply. The dog appeared only partly to believe it, for instead of barking he began sniffing around me, on the track, presumably, of any hitherto undivulged store of sugar. I couldn't help admiring him. He was wasted in this place, was that dog. By rights he should have been exercising his qualities at the Customs.

"Clever dog," said the man on the parcels.

The animal wouldn't let up on his sniffing at all.

I wondered whether to give him my finger to suck, like you do a baby—but decided against it: I didn't like his teeth.

"He's a marvel," said the father proudly. "He knows you got something, all right."

"I've only got what everybody's got," I retorted. "I can't give him any of that."

"Nobody can kid that dog," sighed the father. "Not you, nor me, nor God himself! That dog knows *everything*."

"Does he know what I'm going to do to him if he doesn't leave me alone?" I inquired.

"Here, Jack, Jack!" called the old man hastily, beckoning the dog. It left me reluctantly, sorrowfully, with a glance that held the promise of an early return. I rose to my feet. The idea of retreat had once more entered my coward's heart. The man on the parcels thought the hard floor had been too much for me. Here, take something for your 'ead," he called, and threw me over a couple of packages labelled, *Ladies' Knickers: O.S.*

"I'll have a turn at the door first," I said. I stretched myself elaborately. The dog came trotting over in expectation. He thought I was about to perform a very special trick

Very cold it was now above ground. Close on 3 a.m. I was on the lookout for well-populated shelters again, for their warmth. I turned into one along the way for the only reason, perhaps, that a group of young people were taking the air in the doorway; it suggested some sleeping vacancies downstairs.

When I got to the basement I realized that what I had been attracted by in the doorway was really an "overflow meeting." The basement itself was chockful of people of all kinds; young and old, dark and fair, Jew and Gentile, Chinese and Lascar. They were spread out on the floor like refugees in the stokehold of a cargo boat. I leant up against the wall. My coldness had vanished in no time; it was the other extreme I was now in fear of. I surveyed the collection with a miserable eye. They were gradually sorted out for me in groups—*neighbourhood* groups, I would have said. Some groups were conversing, some were lying in the incongruous posture of corpses dropped on the wayside: these were the sleeping ones. A narrow doorway led into a room of a similar sort, but more noisy. There came from it the sound of intermittent slappings and giggles—the slappings always preceding the giggles—and when I peered in I had the impression of a communal necking party in progress. Some of the girls looked like prostitutes to me, but they weren't getting down to anything very harmful. The limelight effectively discounted that. It was all just a piece of clean, youthful fun.

All the same I preferred the first room. The tone was more subdued and restful—except for one heated moment between two young girls, who wouldn't subside even when reprimanded

by an elderly woman, but retorted: "You gotta put up with things like this in war-time, Missus!"

I began to feel tired again. The problem of having to stand on one leg, indefinitely, began to worry me; I couldn't stand on both, you see, for a woman had straddled a deck-chair across the space where normally I would have put the other. "It's not on your leg, is it?" she inquired solicitously—which was perfectly true, for I had withdrawn the leg, to save it from being crushed. But now I couldn't help wondering how long my one leg would continue to support my whole body. It isn't fair to a leg to expect so much from it.

Somebody, I am happy to say, solved my problem for me by getting up from his chair. "Gonna get some air," he announced to nobody in particular. He made this statement rather apologetically. You could see he was a bit ashamed of wanting so much from life. I didn't stop to ask but immediately occupied his chair.

Eventually, I fell asleep. If London was practically no more, why keep awake, and for what? So I slept. "Slept" is, I suppose, a bit of an exaggeration; it felt as dreadful as being awake, except that in that state I didn't hear what people were saying, so I suppose I was more or less asleep, you would say.

My awakening was very sudden and violent. I thought a bomb had dropped on us because of the noise; it turned out to be a lot of hens clucking. At first I thought I was still dreaming. Naturally—I mean, who ever heard of clucking hens at three in the morning in an air-raid shelter? But it was hens, all right: I located them by their desperate scufflings inside a woman's shopping-bag. Who could blame them, after all? If life is so intolerable in a fairly large basement, what must it be like in a shopping-bag? My sympathy was all with those hens. Real heroes, in my opinion. Public-spirited, too, bearing up like that for three-quarters of a night. It seemed to me that they deserved to be given the floor after such an effort. Nothing compels my admiration like fortitude.

Their owner, to my surprise, was quite annoyed. She seemed to feel they had let her down somehow. There was something quite final in the way she twisted the bag handles more tightly together. The hens still struggled for a bit even after that, but soon gave up. I wondered whether they had repented of their unseemly behaviour, or had in fact perished. I couldn't help inclining to the latter theory. I don't see how it is possi-

ble to spend a complete night in a shopping-bag, and live. Not even for a hen.

It seemed to me a double tragedy—the death of those hens and my spoiled sleep. How could I ever hope to doze off again under these conditions? It had been miracle enough the first time. So I just sat there on my chair, looking rather sadly round at everyone. Most people had managed to continue their dozing in spite of the interruption. I suppose they were either used to air-raid shelters, or used to hens. I regarded with a mixture of envy and repugnance two elderly women on chairs beside me; they sat bolt upright, mouths wide open, in a kind of petrified sleep: I suppose that is how one looks after the dentist has administered gas.

Almost everybody except me was now asleep. Those that weren't were having their own kind of fun; this applied especially to a group of young people over in a corner opposite, who had got in their night's doze earlier on. Now they were trying to pass the rest of the time in as amicable a way as possible. A few were playing with cards, the others were indulging in various, but rather tentative brands of love-making. One young man seemed intensely pre-occupied with his girl friend's ear. It seemed just an ear to me, but maybe my eyesight isn't good. He was nursing it very preciously, with careful, caressing fingers, pausing every now and then to look into it with wonder. Perhaps for him it was a kind of crystal; who can tell what he saw there?

Well, watching this fellow must have somehow acted like a drug. I fell asleep again. I suppose it was really a sleep-making occupation, when you come to think of it—watching a chap fiddling with a girl's ear.

It's painful to repeat myself like this—but once again I awoke violently. I must have had an even shorter doze this time: to check it I looked over at the "ear" specialist; he was still at it, so I reckoned I couldn't have been asleep long—unless that ear was a particularly difficult case. Time enough to have solved a dozen such mysteries, I would have thought.

Only gradually did I become aware that there was a very special noise going on around me: a quarrel, in fact. It must have been that which had awoken me: a woman in the far corner was expostulating with an old man who had taken off his shoes and socks. "Spoiling the air," she called it, but I don't think it was quite fair to throw all that responsibility on the old man: nobody could honestly say he was spoiling the air. He merely wasn't improving it.

Well, even this rather noisy by-play hadn't awakened most people. The card-players continued card-playing, the love-makers continued love-making, the "petrified" women continued petrifying, so to speak. Even in the next room the screamings and slappings had ceased—disproving the commonly accepted theory that prostitutes rest only by day. Even the little incident with the old man died a natural death when another diversion suddenly and diabolically followed it: a plump, peroxidized young woman had just returned from her meanderings upstairs and was waking up her friends to offer them sandwiches . . .

She had an extra bit of trouble with my two "petrified" neighbours; it took quite a bit of shaking and shoulder-tapping to awaken them. Eventually they emerged from slumber like victims out of a long hypnosis.

"What—what?" one of them gasped.

"Would you like a sandwich, Mrs. Pett?" said the peroxidized one, kindly.

"What—what? . . . Oh, my head! . . . No—no, thank you . . ." It was the same response the young woman had got from her other friends. She seemed surprised at nobody wanting any food at that time of morning. She continued her well-intended awakenings, however, hoping eventually to come across someone with a normal appetite. In short, she succeeded at least in awakening the whole room, creating more headaches in the process than a 'plane-load of bombs.

Just then the Warden arrived, and said: "*There's the All Clear going!*" People began busily collecting their belongings, the peroxidized young woman stuffed her sandwiches hastily into her bag, the hens started clucking again (proving that no amount of confinement can kill a hen)—and the old man began putting on his socks, without so much as an order from anybody . . .

(Mr. Willy Goldman is author of "*East End My Cradle*," the autobiography of his early life.)

IONIAN AND ÆGEAN ISLANDS

By W. L. CARTER

IT seems that the craft and sagacity of Ulysses have been handed on throughout the centuries, if recent events in Greece are any indication. The ancient site of his home—one hesitates to term it a palace, although his contemporary civilization had attained a high standard of house comfort—now resounds to the passage of aircraft overhead. The rocky island of Ithaca still presents pastoral scenes that might be settings taken from the time when Ulysses himself lived in his citadel on the rocky knoll called Pelicata. Beyond lie the waters of the Ionian Sea, and less than three miles across the tiny Bay of Polis, whose olive groves sweep nearly down to the shore and where the meadows and vineyards are perfect miniatures of those found on the mainland, stretches the bulk of Cephalonia.

To the north of Cephalonia lies Leucas, the praises of whose wooded heights were sung by many an ancient poet, beneath a sky of that intense blue which only the Mediterranean can show. This is one of the islands which, with Zante, dominates the entrance to the Gulf of Patras and thence to the Corinth Canal. Leucas once leapt into momentary fame as the place where Sappho, the poetess of Mitylene, ended her life. The Leucadian promontory gleams dazzling white against the waters reflecting the azure of the sky above. It runs for many hundreds of yards, with broken rock pinnacles and needles at its foot, against which the waves break ceaselessly in white spray and foam. So fleeting is fame that hardly a mere handful of folk I met in Leucas had ever heard of Sappho. The best informed was one who idled on his elbows in a flower-strewn meadow, one of those Homeric "fair-flowering meads, soft clad with parsley and with violet." A strange and puzzling melody played about some of the small peasant cottages. It seemed to be borne on the winds, as indeed it was, for, after a while, one's attention was attracted to little instruments hanging where the sea breezes could play through the strings at will. They blew across the Leucadian promontory whose tip,

exactly as Strabo described, is visible for miles at sea, but never produced the same air for two consecutive seconds. This ancient plaything of Aeolus was doubtless known to dwellers on the island in Sappho's time. A large Aeolian harp, too, is one of my memories of Ithaca. This hung near the fountain of Asprosykia where the people of Ulysses doubtless drew their water, as still do their modern successors. The other most vivid recollection is of huge bunches of purple and white violets growing among the ruined stones of an old wall of Mycenaean period that once encircled the summit of the hillock of Ulysses' palace.

Leucas lay on the ancient sea route from Western Corinth to Sicily, and was a frequent place of call for ships wishing to provision and water. These Ionian islands, though each may differ in minor characteristics from the others, have many things in common. In winter, tiny streams descend from the hills whose upper slopes are covered with shrubs, mostly of flowering types, and all kinds of alpine flowers and herbs. The aromatic fragrance of the latter persists far down the narrow valleys. In summer, which is often half-parching, many of the brooks are dry, but it is always possible to trace their course by the luxurious growth of the oleanders, whose silvery pink blooms are produced in such quantity as to cause each bush to resemble a cascade of gleaming pink relieved by touches of deep green where the leaves are partly visible through the floral mass. Dark green funereal cypress trees stand sentinel across most of the countryside, while many cottages have their own pomegranate, fig or olive tree shading the door from the hot summer sun. Myrtles and bays border the bridle paths threading a tortuous way through the olive groves and small vineyards that spring unexpectedly to view at abrupt turnings in the dusty walks. Zante, the last of the larger Ionian islands, showed me some fine chestnut trees, with olive groves and vineyards stretching across and clustering about its hillsides. War seems far removed from such quiet pastoral and sylvan scenes. Although the Ionian waves can be rough when a sudden storm arises, as is the case within the confines of the Eastern Mediterranean, the waters are nearly always as placid as somehow the surroundings demand. Hours spent among the peasantry as they worked in their hilly groves and fields, and, later, sitting at rough-hewn tables in the shade of an orange with its golden fruits contrasting sharply with the shining evergreen leaves, the cool of the evening passed rapidly, if almost imperceptibly, until the brief twilight preceding the

Mediterranean night recalled to one that this was the 20th century and not some arcadian pleasaunce.

Local wine-making was discussed with me by a gnarled ancient who, according to the local headman, was the "greatest authority" on what was, to him, an all-enthralling subject. This is not the place for a discussion on wines, but it may be noted in passing that Greece is one of the oldest wine producing lands in the world, with that of Cephalonia and Patras among the best. On the Aegean island of Cythera, legendary birth-place of Aphrodite, is a wine called ambrosia. It would be interesting to learn the origin of this name, which has such ancient associations, but, in any event, the local product is neither the ambrosia of Olympian legend "nine times sweeter than honey," nor is it the old Greek beverage of that name prepared from wild parsley.

The Aegean islands figured much in the history of ancient Greece, and appear likely again to play an important part in the event of an intensive conflict breaking out in the Eastern Mediterranean and Near East. Indeed, some of them such as tiny Delos, smallest of the Cyclades, and Lemnos were legendary homes of important members of the ancient Greek pantheon. Dwellers in the Cyclades—there are about two hundred of these small islands—where time passes in leisurely fashion, have two main occupations only, i.e. either they till the soil or fish in the almost crystal clear waters. Greek naval crews are largely recruited from among the fishermen of the Cyclades. It was off Delos, reputed birthplace of Apollo and his twin Artemis, that I spent an interesting night afloat in a small fishing boat whose other occupants busied themselves close inshore for such trifles as the seas might yield. Most of the catch consisted of small squid or, to be frank, octopus, which were hung from every sprit and spar, and over the sides. The boat owner, a grizzled old Greek from Rhodes, the island home for two centuries of the Knights Hospitallers, had left his Dodecanese home immediately upon its occupation by the Italians. He claimed a good night's catch, but squids are a delicacy that only local Delians can appreciate. The association of Delos with the oldest divinities of ancient Greece naturally arouses the interest of most visitors. There is scope for extensive archæological investigation after the war. While walking along a low hill path among fragrant thymes studded with particularly lovely little *campanulas* whose lavender-violet bells were much visited by small blue butterflies, I stumbled over a hummock by the side of the way. My foot disturbed a

covering of mossy saxifrage to reveal a marble fragment. Originally white, the passage of centuries had weathered it to a beautiful golden-brown resembling Pentelic marble, which indeed it may have been. It is perhaps hardly surprising that such should be found on a tiny island whose ancient shrine of Apollo ranked equal with that of Delphi. Indeed, there appears to have been an annual despatch of fire from the shrine at Delos to Lemnos, the legendary home of Hephæstus.

Mountainous Naxos, where Theseus abandoned Ariadne, has a curious countryside. Somehow, it seems to be neither of to-day nor yet of the past. One has the peculiar feeling of wandering in a land where time means little. The hills and rocky valleys are threaded with sandy paths meandering through oleanders, olives and myrtles, then passing a rocky outcrop half-hidden beneath a draping of flower-studded saxifrage. Perhaps the rock has been broken by the tempests of the ages into a roughish grit which forms a scree where choice alpine plants flourish. Once I saw a colony of the lovely *Omphalodes Luciliae*, whose sprays of forget-me-not blue offered a cool contrast to the fiery red of a patch of *cistus* growing behind on a low ridge. The local peasants and hill farmers work hard and live frugally. They take their bees in small carts up on to the mountain meadows where honey-producing flowers occur in immense quantity. Although the pink oleander blooms contain much nectar—and there are many fine spreads of this shrub—they are avoided. Their honey is said to be dangerous to its consumers, but the islanders do not know why. This is not the first occasion upon which oleander honey has been condemned. That from certain parts of Pontus where the oleander flourishes was so deemed in the belief that it caused insanity. Rome refused it as tribute, insisting on the payment of additional quantities of wax in its stead.

These islands contain many tiny bays and inlets where small ships run for shelter during the sudden storms and squalls typical of this area. To the north and east lie large islands—Tenedos, Imbros, Lemnos and Mitylene are famous names in the Dardanelles campaign, the first now under Turkish sovereignty—and farther still to the north-west is the Saronic Gulf, whose placid waters look as if nothing more than a mere ripple has ever disturbed their surface. Yet it was here, more than twenty centuries ago, that the ancient Greeks won their own Trafalgar victory against the Persians at Salamis, one of the most important sea battles and a turning point in world

history. Ships and armies of many nations have passed through these waters—Roman, Venetian, Crusaders, Turkish and later Allied—but none can have put more effort into the space of twelve years than did the ancient Greeks with their victories of Plataea, Himera, Marathon and Salamis. Here was an effective shattering of Persian power and its would-be domination of the entire civilized world of the West.

Many of these larger islands closely resemble one another, not only in topography but also in their populations. A typical example is Mitylene, ancient Lesbos, birthplace of Sappho, the much maligned poetess, and of Theophrastus whom some have called the "Father of Botany." Over the island towers its own peak of Olympus whose summit is devoid of vegetation and composed of an unusually white marble. It lies buried beneath the winter snows. Plane and pine cluster about its lower slopes. From the summit, on an exceptionally clear day, can be seen the twelve cities of the ancient Aeolian League, as well as several of those which were members of the Ionian Confederacy. In fact, Mitylene, is a kind of focal pivot from which one can look westward to Grecian domains and eastward to the Orient, although in the time of Alexander of Macedon all lands visible from horizon to horizon were held by the generals and satraps of this world conqueror.

Sappho's ancient city at Eresos, from which she was exiled in her youth, no longer exists, but all about one sees floral confirmation of references contained in the few remaining fragments of her poems which have survived the passage of 2,500 years. The golden chick-pea still grows on the shore; the wild hyacinths bloom purple on the mountainside; and in the cool of the evening the doves still "cease the labour of their wings." Her description of a moonlit night on Mitylene as "around the glorious moon the bright beauty of the stars is lost when her silver radiance at its fullest lights the world" is as true to-day as in the hour when it was first set down. But the fragrant white roses that "lifted themselves up" no longer grow, nor is it known with any certainty to what roses Sappho referred. The straggling white houses run down to the quays, clustering haphazard about low hills and knolls, picked out by an occasional tall cypress or an old olive with twisted trunk.

The people of these Aegean islands toil hard to wrest a livelihood from the thin earth covering a rocky underlay, but this finely made folk who rarely eat meat except on festal occasions, when the roast lamb for which Greece and its many islands is famous is cooked, are a race toughened by long

battling with nature and the elements, and of a most independent spirit. The sponge fisherman or flockmaster is perhaps a richer man than his fellow who tills the soil, but he ranks no higher in local estimation. Those who gain their living from the sea or land are considered more worthy of respect than others whose occupation lies in purely town or commercial spheres. By the Turks Lesbos was once called the "Garden of the Osmanli Empire." There remains some truth in this implication, for the island still furnishes much agricultural produce. Olives and their oil, lemons, oranges and figs were formerly sent away in quantity, and pine timber and tar from the forested interior still come down to the low quays to be loaded on to sailing boats resembling a kind of squat felucca. Behind the town of Mitylene are fragments of a temple of Apollo, and remains of columns and broken sculpture are often to be noticed half-buried beneath a luxuriant vegetation. Highly primitive hand-loom, with their bobbins set crosswise on a roughly fashioned framework of wood, are still in use on the island. They reveal the most elementary application of the principles of the loom for weaving cloth, and bear marked resemblance to a kind of handloom used by the ancient Egyptians, whence the machine may well have come in the first place. Some of the ancient mineral springs are still flowing. One I know in a byway of Mitylene is surmounted by a stone building erected when the island was in Turkish occupation, and bears an inscription in Arabic characters. It is used as a common water supply, but a curious bitter tang leaves the drinker in no doubt that here stands one of the mineral springs where perhaps the early Aeolian settlers treated their physical ailments.

Crete is hardly an Aegean island—it is certainly distinct from the Ionian ones—yet it is among the most important of all in the present conflict in the Eastern Mediterranean. This large island, from which Greek history may have begun with the foundation of Mycenæ on the mainland, was described by Aristotle in language equally applicable to-day.

The island of Crete seems to be intended by nature, and to be well situated, for the mastery of Greece. It lies close to the Aegean Sea as a whole, around which nearly all the Greeks are settled; at the western end it is not far distant from the Peloponnese; at the other it is close to the part of Asia round Cape Crio and Rhodes. This was why Minos gained the mastery of the sea . . . and finally invaded Sicily.

Candia, the old capital in the days when Venice held the

island, has always seemed to me a town of narrowish streets, with an all-pervading aroma of cheap soap and donkeys laden with small basket panniers, all capped by chattering groups some of whose members wore the fez. I have never seen so many half-broken and badly battered kitchen chairs as those standing outside the cafés of Candia. That thick, sweet syrupy Turkish coffee of which the westerner rarely acquires the taste was being slowly swallowed by small parties of men, who argued violently between every sip of the cloying liquid. Canea, the modern capital, sometimes referred to as the principal seaport, is a place of byways, but these were never unpleasantly close although almost every yard of the wayside was littered with goods offered for sale, some of which appeared as if they would never find a buyer. Indeed, after some conversation with an old vendor of what looked like soap in bars so aged that their moisture content had evaporated, leaving the soap almost as hard as a brick, I came to the conclusion that the last thing he wanted was to sell anything. It was the frequent opportunity for a talk he sought. With his three sons in the Greek army—all doing well—who regularly sent remittances home to support their father, the latter had nothing more to ask of life than gossip. Crete supplies many of the best troops of Hellas. Suda Bay, which was so famous during the last war, will almost certainly be heard of again, for Crete lies across the sea routes to the Dodecanese islands. This is a magnificent bay, but it is a place of deep water and small vessels do not find anchorage there.

Crete had a strange effect on me. My first visit left me thinking what an exploded myth the whole place was, merely a hot, rather arid Mediterranean island of a type one could find in a hundred places elsewhere in this sea. Then, somehow, that sceptical mood passed. Possibly it was the result of a visit to Knossos—one of subsequent dozens—where, I think, it was the so-called "Throne Room" in the ancient palace of Minos that affected me profoundly. The small throne of stone, with its leaf back and hollowed-out seat to fit a human figure, all backed by a peculiar fresco depicting specimens of the white and gold Madonna lily, our *Lilium candidum*, marked where an ancient king had once sat in council when Greece was a land history was yet to record. Purple violets blooming among the burnt-out ruins of the Minoan palace stirred recollections of a similar species growing near Delphi and on the slopes of Mt. Olympus. Here is an island where perhaps

some of those strange myths of ancient Greece had their beginning or began to assume more than their former nebulous shape, with a slight substratum of fact lying buried deeply beneath a great mass of allegory and legend. Flax still grows wild about the island, and I have sometimes wondered whether the ancient legend of the wings Daedalus made for himself did not conceal a discovery of sailmaking from fabric fashioned of flax. Daedalus appears to have been imprisoned in the Cretan labyrinth of his own construction, but escaped to Sicily where Cocalus made him welcome. The distance was too far to have been rowed, and Homer's sea references make it clear that sails and masts were in common use at the time the siege of Troy began.

Crete is like other Eastern Mediterranean islands in the occupations by which its populace gains a livelihood, although there is perhaps a more Near Eastern trend in some parts of the island. The olive groves are plentiful, and I have never seen finer oranges and lemons. The oranges resemble those grown in Palestine rather than the varieties cultivated in Spain, while the lemons are the largest I saw in any Mediterranean island. Seedless kinds were being planted by enterprising growers on the last occasion I was there, and experimental plantations of grapefruit were in flower, their lovely pale blue and white blossoms giving no indication of the enormous fruits that would follow in season. Some of the most beautiful springs in the world are here, and I have more than half a doubt that these are not ordinary sources of water, but are really ancient springs where dwellers in the Minoan ages came to draw their water. Some of the springs among the cypress and olive groves, surrounded by cool dwarf green grasses whose sward is spangled with tiny flowers, must surely have been places about which some of the ancient legends were woven. To-day, nothing disturbs their peaceful serenity save the rare cry of a circling hawk or a fluttering of white wings as doves move from tree to bush. Brilliantly coloured butterflies fly in the bright sunshine beyond the sombre groves but, apart from the birds, nothing except the sighing of the winds echoes through these sylvan solitudes. The hill folk have preserved the groves and springs in good order, never allowing their sheep to spoil the herbage or to trample to ground level such springs as may be open and running, although most of the latter flow from what appear to be marble or stone containers generally smothered beneath a mat of mossy growth. Examination of these might yield interesting results.

Crete has known the invader before in her age-long history but this time, although the war may even approach closer to her shores, and tear her more hardly from the air, one feels that this island, whose ancient civilization gave birth to that of Hellas, and whose ruins have seen the passing of so many tempests, warring armies and fleets, will not again have her tranquillity disturbed.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

IF 1941 goes on as it began, the world will look a better place. Within the first week of January we had the capture of Bardia, bringing the total of Italian prisoners up to 70,000 and small but steady advances of the Greek army

Encouraging Signs

in Albania, carried out under desperate weather conditions in a region which offers almost unique advantages to the defender—and for weeks now the Italians in their Greek adventure have been reduced to this unlooked for rôle. Another cause for rejoicing was the fact that shipping losses which had grown threatening have been, at least for the time, reduced to a point well below the weekly average for the war. But above all was the encouragement given by President Roosevelt's outspoken pronouncement. By "an impressive expression of the national will without regard to partisanship," the United States, he says, have decided, first, to organize "an all-inclusive national defence;" secondly, "to give full support to all those resolute peoples everywhere who are resisting aggression"—a generous phrase which covers not only the British, the Chinese and the Greeks, but also the Free French, the Polish and Czech armies, and the Belgian and the Dutch in their colonies.

This assurance grew even more acceptable to our ears when the President added the words, "thereby keeping the war away from this hemisphere." Nothing could be more desirable than that the United States should base their support on enlightened self interest—which, in the President's interpretation, forces on them a third decision. "The principles of morality and considerations of her own security would never permit the nation to acquiesce in a peace dictated by aggressors, sponsored by appeasers." Self interest of this sort is much more dependable than any quixotry, and no less honourable. It is the highest virtue of a nation that to regard the upholding of justice and decency as a major interest—even though the injustice and oppression be directed against other peoples.

There is this further. President Roosevelt gives a resound-

ing answer to threats which have come more or less explicitly from spokesmen of the Axis. The United States through his mouth declares itself the main arsenal for those upon whom the Axis makes war. If any non-belligerent state in Europe or Asia expressed such a resolution, Germany and Japan would treat it as a *casus belli*. That they dare not do this now is an admission of limits to their power, and that admission, that hesitation, will speak volumes to those in Germany who remember the contribution which the United States made to victory in 1918. But all Germany will know that Germany is committed to a war of exhaustion against the most inexhaustible resources in the world. It is the writing on the wall.

* * * * *

Italy's misfortunes have exceeded all anticipation. In Libya as in Albania they have been outgeneralled even more than outfought. It is still a mystery why Marshal
Italy's Badoglio was recalled from the Albanian
Fall adventure, for which he appears to have had no responsibility; and the likeliest guess is that, sent out to retrieve an irretrievable position, he advised Mussolini to cut his losses while there was still time. The Duce may have been unwilling to accept defeat at the hands of a small nation—especially as historic tradition made Rome the victor in that conflict. Yet the Marshal may have urged that it was of the first importance to reinforce the Dodecanese; and that, as things are to-day, looks impossible. But the worst miscalculation was in Libya. Mussolini thought himself able to overrun Greece as a preliminary side-show to his main purpose. German commentators have said with justice that Cyrenaica is not a region of vital strategic importance; but for Great Britain, Egypt was such a region; and what has been defeated beyond recovery is Italy's attempt to win for the Axis Egypt and the Suez Canal. Germany may renew the endeavour by a drive to the South East; but she will have to make it without the assistance of the power on which Hitler depended to secure control of the Mediterranean.

As to what actually happened, nobody who knew what Australian troops were in the last war will have been surprised by the sweeping triumph in the actual clash. Italians could not be expected to stand up to them even in favourable conditions; and before Bardia was assaulted, the British navy and the British air force had established a supremacy so complete (against an enemy having great numerical superiority both on sea and in the air) that the unlucky garrison was pelted

at once from sea, land and sky; and then in came the furious fighters. Australians anyhow are terrible but Australians in conjunction with tanks and Bren-carriers are just too bad.

But there is the further comparison of command. General Graziani had a large force; he had the reputation for skill and determination; if he had not superiority in numbers, it is because he waited so long that the British force grew till it had something like parity. And then Sir Archibald Wavell, threatened with attack across two hundred miles of desert, which made a formidable obstacle to the attacker, decided to reverse the conditions and take on the difficulty—and with it the initiative. It was a bold measure, recommended by two considerations; first that by attacking Libya, the British commander helped the valiant effort of Greece far more than by any despatch of supporting troops; and secondly, because Italian nerves were already shaken by the reverses in Albania. But to carry out such a scheme needed the most meticulous care in planning and the utmost dash in execution. It got both: and now the only question is whether the British Commander-in-Chief will seek to bring about the total destruction of Graziani's army in Libya, or will turn his forces against Italy's new Abyssinian possessions—or again against the strategically valuable islands of the Dodecanese.

* * * * *

But when we count up these alluring possibilities, we have to remember that Hitler commands immense forces both on land and in the air—and will certainly make his power painfully felt within the next few weeks. Still, it is well to remember that where he has conquered, he has never won allegiance as Napoleon did, most notably in Poland; and that all his conquests must be held under by large forces. Poland and Czechoslovakia are under an iron heel; in Denmark, Norway and Holland there is definite attempt to conciliate—even while barefaced robbery goes on. Belgium gets a harder hand: but the problem *par excellence* for Hitler is the problem of France. In general, the order is for troops to be civil and even ingratiating. Great hopes were raised by the spread of anti-English feeling which probably reached its height when the ships were destroyed in Oran—and a thousand Frenchmen with them. Frenchmen insist that France had paid a price to retain control of the fleet: when Pétain refused to hand it over, Hitler said: "In that case I must occupy the whole of your western seaboard—(Bordeaux and the rest) which I had not intended to seize." The French

**Hitler and
Pétain**

persisted—and while engaging that their fleet should not be used against Germany, insisted that all the ships should be controlled by French crews under French officers, whose orders were to scuttle the vessels if Germany should attempt to seize them. This of course would not have prevented M. Laval if he attained to power from altering this order to the officers. But it is important to realize that the French generally hold that they had done everything to ensure that the ships should not be used against their former allies, and had paid a heavy price for ensuring it.

Since then, the curt dismissal of M. Laval, the German insistence that he should be released from his arrest, the later dismissal of M. Baudouin, and a score of hugger-mugger incidents, have afforded infinite scope for conjecture.

* * * * *

More ambiguous even than the attitude of Vichy is that of Moscow—where there is at least the appearance of freedom to choose. But one who knows Stalin's Russia intimately holds that the key to all his action, or inaction, is fear. The mechanical preparation for modern war demands an efficiency which the Soviet régime has not been able to produce; and the advent of tanks supplemented by aeroplanes has abolished the great obstacle to conquest of Russia—her immense distances. If the view which I report be correct, Stalin would sooner see Germany installed on the Hellespont than risk war against Hitler's terrible instrument of victory. This opinion however surely must be taken with some reserve. Hitler will do almost as much to avoid a war on two fronts as Stalin to avoid a war with Hitler; and that will be well known to Moscow. Both play a game of bluff; but one thing seems certain; if the hour comes when Russia by intervention can make Germany no longer a danger to her, Russia will move with all her weight. That also will be known to Hitler, and must count among his nightmares—which assuredly bring before his imagination a general uprising of the peoples that he has oppressed.

Meanwhile, the actualities which the Axis has to face are the British Commonwealth, Greece and their declared supporter in the United States. Mr. Churchill has reminded us how different this case is from that of 1915 and onwards, when the President of the United States was a professor, new to administration. Mr. Roosevelt in that field is hardly less experienced than Mr. Churchill himself. There is another contrast. In the earlier war Sir Cecil Spring Rice, a brilliant

professional diplomat, was the ambassador, and he knew America intimately; but unluckily he was the close friend of Theodore Roosevelt between whom and President Wilson relations were like those between Disraeli and Gladstone. Again, Spring Rice's task was difficult because American opinion had not clearly sided with the democracies: Lord Lothian in this war had an easier task, and by general agreement fulfilled it so admirably that it was hard to find a successor who should not fall below him. Mr. Churchill's choice has singled out a man who has held the greatest posts in the British service, short of the premiership. Such an appointment is the highest tribute that could be paid to the nation to which Lord Halifax is delegated. I do not think that his combination of moral earnestness with unassuming courtesy will fail to impress those in America who matter. Mr. Eden steps, not for the first time, into the great position which Lord Halifax leaves. The Foreign Secretaryship is perhaps less important in war time than at other periods and at present the post must be subordinated to the personality of the Prime Minister; I should be much surprised if Mr. Eden were not well content this should be so. But he is laying the foundation solidly of what may be a very great career.

For several days about the New Year Ireland felt its neutrality imperilled, and did not like the feeling; to go into a war is one thing, to be kicked into it, quite another. But it seemed clear as the facts became known that the Germans had lost their bearings in foggy weather. Discussion of the matter in public was impossible: Irish subscribers are not forbidden to listen to the British broadcasts nor to receive English newspapers; but the Irish press is strictly muzzled. A letter from Mr. James MacDonnell in the *Daily Telegraph* saying how the matter looks to an Irishman resident in England would not be allowed to appear; unity is to be preserved at all cost. It did not strike me that there was any cordial unity—though the desire to avoid danger and the sense of defencelessness were very general.

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The honours list of this season had two items of much interest to men of letters. Professor Gilbert Murray receives the Order of Merit. I rejoice to see it given to
Honoured a true lover and promoter of peace who has never questioned that justice was worth fighting for; and also to a great humanist and scholar who has done

perhaps the most difficult of all things in literature: he has brought living and breathing into the language of his own masterpieces from another tongue. When that tongue and the culture which it expressed are divided from us by so many gulfs as separate any modern Christian from ancient pagan Greece, the thing is almost a miracle. His only rival as a translator—I would say his only equal—is Dr. Helen Waddell; but the mind of the Middle Ages, and the Latin tongue well on its way to become French or Italian, were infinitely less remote from us than the mind and the tongue of Euripides.

The other award which enchanted me was the Companionship of Honour to Mr. Garvin. Long ago, the late Charles Hands, one of Northcliffe's best writers, said to me that he put T. P. O'Connor at the head of the journalists then living. To-day I should have no hesitation in putting Mr. Garvin first, for a very different type of excellence. Not all of us like his writing: but no competent person can deny the force with which he can drive home his convictions, or the range of reading and knowledge from which he can illustrate his argument. Not all of us agree with his views; but no candid person can deny his extraordinary foresight. I never forget his condemnation of the Versailles Treaty, at a time when such criticism was most unpopular; I never forget, what seemed to me then his wild prediction, that the German race, driven mad by revenge, would within a generation be the terror of Europe. Since he has been not only writer but editor, and an editor stamping his personality powerfully on his paper, I may add that for several years during the Irish troubles I wrote weekly for it, with extreme candour, about the Black and Tans and their opponents, and can only remember one instance in which he suppressed or altered anything that I had written—though never for one instant did I consider what my editor was going to say. Journalists and publicists in general will applaud this well merited honour.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SWEDEN'S RÔLE.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

Sir,

In his article "The First Battle for Norway" in the January number of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* Mr. Nordahl Grieg discusses the attitude of the different Scandinavian nations to the proposal for a Northern defensive alliance in a manner which seems to me somewhat misleading. Whether intentionally or not, he leaves the impression that such an alliance might have come into existence and the defensive position of the Scandinavian countries thereby been radically changed, if Sweden (and Finland) had not refused to envisage an agreement directed against any other country than Russia. "Finland," he writes, "would only be willing to enter a military alliance against Russia. The same, one may say, is true of Sweden. Norway was perhaps the only country which would have an interest in defending herself with Scandinavian support against the unknown aggressor whoever he might be."

As far as could be judged from public expression of opinion in the years before the war, the idea of the Northern defensive alliance was never taken really seriously except in Sweden and Finland, and I cannot remember that there ever was a question of it being intended to apply only against one specified aggressor. The reasons why the whole thing never got beyond the discussion stage were several. One was the realization that the prime condition was not fulfilled—a sufficient strengthening of the defences of all the participants. As a matter of fact the official spokesmen of Denmark and Norway always were most careful to accentuate their disagreement with any policy that might lead to military commitments.

Another passage in Mr. Nordahl Grieg's article conveys the impression that the Swedes gave the German forces at Narvik assistance with supplies during the fighting there ("later their supplies came through by the courtesy of our Swedish brothers.") This is an unworthy insinuation. The only

supplies let through to the Narvik area were Red Cross equipment and some food, of which the civilian population in the district was in desperate need. German requests for the transit of military material were made, and were refused by the Swedish Government.

The existence of a certain resentment against Sweden among the Norwegians, such as obviously has coloured Mr. Nordahl Grieg's article, may be understandable. However, on the evidence of his own well-documented description of the events in Norway, it seems quite clear that on the military premises existing the course of the battle could not have been deflected by such assistance as Sweden would have been able to give without endangering its own defences at a time when these were weakened by the considerable assistance given to Finland.

I know that in Sweden thoughtless accusations have been made against the Norwegian Government of having "let the Germans in" by their neglect of military preparations. I understand if they have caused irritation, and I deplore them, and hope that in time they may be forgotten on both sides. Meanwhile, what we can do is to preserve our respect for facts.

Yours faithfully,

VILGOT HAMMARLING,

Press Attaché.

Swedish Legation in London,
27, Portland Place, W.1.

CALL TO PARENTS

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

Dear Sir,

The Parents Association has recently issued an appeal to its members suggesting that, just as the States of ancient Greece combined together in the 5th century B.C. to defeat the Persian barbarian and went on after victory to found a great civilization, so all British parents with young children should now combine together as parents, not only to endure the present war, however long it lasts, and to defeat Hitler, the modern barbarian, but also to train their children more carefully than ever before, so that they may be able to build up a great civilization in this country after the war ends.

The appeal will, of course, achieve comparatively little unless it can be brought to the notice of a very large number of parents (not in order to produce revenue for our Association, but simply to get parents to read our circular and to consider how to train their children in future).

Could you, possibly, draw attention to our appeal in your paper, mentioning that copies are obtainable, at a cost of 5d. each including postage, by application to Miss Voigt, 37, Vine Lane, Hillingdon, Middlesex?

We feel sure that great things will be done for this country and the world if parents can once get the idea of combining together in spirit as creators of a new civilization.

Yours truly,

W. M. VOIGT,

Secretary.

The Parents Association,
37, Vine Lane,
Hillingdon, Middlesex.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

CORN AND PUFFINS

By H. E. BATES

CORN COUNTRY. by C. Henry Warren.
Batsford. 10s. 6d.

LUNDY: ISLE OF PUFFINS, by
Richard Perry. *Lindsay Drummond.*
12s. 6d.

In a previous book, *England Is A Village*, Mr. Warren gave the impression of being a romantic on matters of the countryside, a preservationist caring more about the antique and the picturesque than the immediate problems of rural life; one felt that he enjoyed the pleasant memory to the exclusion of the unpleasant existing fact. *Corn Country* removes this impression, which caused at least one reviewer to commit the injustice of putting Mr. Warren into bad company. The story of corn is imaginative food. No other plant in the entire history of the world has become even in a remotely comparable way at once an economic and political force, a symbol, a thing of universal beauty and the synonym of life itself. Corn is all these things, and in the rural calendar is even more. Without its touch of golden splendour and all that leads up to harvest the English countryside would lose much of its best-loved pictorial life; more than half its traditional tasks, customs and festivals arise from the cultivation of this grass of which there is no recorded beginning.

Realizing all this and urged on by it, Mr. Warren has written a very able book that has some of the attributes of its subject. In its review of corn-crafts, corn customs and the minor lyrical uses of straw, such as straw-plaiting, it has beauty; in a delightful chapter on water-mills and another in early English husbandry there is a light touch of history; in the concluding chapters Mr. Warren seizes on the importance of corn as an economic and political factor. Into these pages is compressed the real value of the book—an examination of the state of English farming as it affects the life and future of the whole nation, a review of the present muddled system of impossible quotas, crippling subsidies and vague promises, a survey of that once hypothetical but now all too real situation “if we find ourselves at war,” and the grave warnings given by Lord Lymington of the consequences of years of misguided agricultural policy. Measured by these chapters alone *Corn Country* is of no small constructive importance; but it pleases also by its charm, its pictures of the East Anglian countryside which gives the book its title, and its general air of having been realistically and happily conceived.

On the principle once employed by the dramatic critic who reviewed the

play *An Awful Night* in one word—"exactly"—there are occasional books that one feels might be described with a single word. The word for Mr. Perry's book might be magnificent; or if you care for understatement simply plain excellent. I should like to leave it at that and let readers themselves discover the delightful results of Mr. Perry's passionate patience on Lundy Island. But that would be unfair to someone who is not only a first-rate observer of bird life, but a writer of rare talents into the bargain. This book, with its exhaustive account of the social life of puffins, razor-bills, guillemots, cormorants and birds of passage, is remarkable for that same combination of the practical and the sensuous, the objective and the lyrical, which caused Hudson's work to be described as appealing "alike to the mind, the heart and the senses." The minute observation, the swift ability to recapture the scenes of rock and sea and sky, the sensitive and exact eye for colour and motion, all make a combination that is sometimes perfect. At that I will leave it: except to say that almost all that goes for Mr. Perry goes for Mr. Alan Richardson, his photographer, too.

ITALY IN THE MAKING: January 1, 1848—November 16, 1848, by G. F. H. & J. Berkeley. *Cambridge University Press.* 25s.

In *Italy in the Making* Mr. & Mrs. Berkeley are steadily carrying through a work which makes a real contribution to historical scholarship. Nor is the work unworthy of the great University Press whence it issues. The detail into which the authors go, while it provides invaluable material for the expositor,

does, however, detract somewhat from the impressiveness of the picture presented to the general reader.

The present instalment illustrates the limitation of the appeal which a particularly important and exciting episode in the history of the Risorgimento is calculated to make. This volume of 463 pages—excluding appendices—deals only with the history of eleven months, and deals with it so minutely that the reader, unless he be a specialist in Italian history, may find it difficult, at times, to see the wood for the trees. Let me make it clear, however, that the book as a whole will be invaluable to students while many of the component chapters anyone can read with pleasure and profit.

This is true in particular of the chapters which deal with the attempt of Pio Nono to "liberalize", if not the Papacy, at least the Government of the Papal States. These chapters form, indeed, the backbone of the book and represent a fine piece of work. Not that the authors neglect other aspects of the revolution in Italy. Besides the Neo-Guelphs—the party which hoped to see the Pope bring the Italian States into a Federation under his own presidency—there were two other parties in the Italy of '48—the Mazzinian, republican and unitarian, and the party, well represented by Massimo Marquis D'Azeglio, which looked to the House of Savoy for leadership and saw the best hope for Italy in the hegemony of Piedmont. The bond of union between these three parties was hatred of the Austrians and a desire for the expulsion of the Habsburgs from Italy. But the bond was not strong enough to achieve its purpose:

the military strength of Austria, as Mr. & Mrs. Berkeley clearly show, was irresistible.

But at this point I have a serious criticism to offer. I submit, with all respect, that the authors should have elongated the "Year of Revolution" so as to include the defeat of Charles Albert of Piedmont at Novara (March 23, 1849) and the collapse of the Roman Republic in the ensuing July. As it is, we are left at the close of the volume with the Pope in flight to Gaeta, after the murder of Pellegrino Rossi and the outbreak of revolution in Rome. It is true that Rossi's murder dissipated the dream of a Liberal Papacy, and if it be the main purpose of the volume to tell the story of Pio Nono's failure there is dramatic propriety in ending it with this flight from Rome. But, after all, the Neo-Guelphic party was, as events proved, not the most important of the three parties which in '48 divided the allegiance of Italian patriots, and so the year of Revolution historically ends not in November '48 but in July '49. Yet, in itself, nothing could be better than the narrative of the "tragedy of Pellegrino Rossi" as told in the four concluding chapters of this volume.

For the rest, the volume, beginning with an analysis of the situation in Italy on January 1, 1848, deals in successive chapters with the provinces under Austrian rule—"Metternich's Italy"—with the three "reforming States," Piedmont, the Papacy and Tuscany; and with the two Sicilies. The outstanding features of these chapters are a minute analysis of the Piedmontese army in 1848, and an effort, not wholly unsuccessful, to do more justice to King Ferdinand II ("Bomba") than is usually done.

The Sicilian Rising, and the Revolutions in Venice and Lombardy are well described, as is the war down to the battle of Custoza (July 22—25). The Austrian victory meant the end of Charles Albert's attempt to create a strong north Italian Kingdom by his own efforts and the end of *Italia Farà Da Sè*. That failure was accentuated and completed some nine months later by the Austrian victory at Novara. But the second north Italian campaign lies, as already explained, outside the scope of the present volume, the main interest of which centres on the failure of Pio Nono and the shattering of the ideal of the Neo-Guelphs.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN THE
U.S.S.R., by Violet Lansbury.
Putnam. 12s. 6d.

Those who knew George Lansbury and his wife would expect their offspring to do something out of the ordinary. Their youngest daughter Violet has fulfilled that expectation. With characteristic Lansbury independence she has for thirteen years lived in the U.S.S.R. the life of a Russian student, worker, and wife, and reared two sons.

Here is the story of her experience. It is a straightforward narrative, as interesting in its revealing description of the impact of the new circumstances on all the prejudices and inhibitions derived from her English upbringing in an English lower middle-class family, as it is an account of the daily life of a cross section of the people of the U.S.S.R.

She does not attempt to deal with the high politics of Soviet Russia although

here and there she is impelled to dabble a little in debatable communist generalizations. Fortunately, while the author by no means hides her communist convictions, the book is, in the main, free from propaganda.

Beginning as a clerical employee of the Soviet delegation in London in 1920, Violet Lansbury became an ardent admirer of the Bolsheviks. She began to study the Russian language and seized an early opportunity to go to Russia. She arrived in the days of the New Economic Policy when Russia was just recovering from the effects of years of war and famine. From the first Violet determined that she would not trade on the fact that she was George Lansbury's daughter and insisted on her own rights. Travelling 'hard' in the packed, lumbering and usually late trains and finding 'digs' amidst the overcrowded housing accommodation, she soon had it impressed upon her that here was no ready made socialism falling like manna from the skies but the hard patient work of clearing up the wreckage of the years and a relentless fight against things primitive and the habits of generations.

Being an office worker and then becoming a student in the Lenin University of Sverdlov and still later the wife of a Soviet 'intellectual' enabled her to study closely a limited section of the population, the students, the peasants she met on her travels, the housewives of the cities in which she lived and the intellectuals she met in her daily life. But of the industrial population and their life she has had little experience and the reader looking for pictures of the men and women in the midst of Russia's

industrial revolution will be somewhat disappointed.

Nevertheless, her story brings live people before us striving with might and main to build a brave new world. Through it all she remains an Englishwoman in a foreign land, learning much and becoming increasingly attached to the Russian people and their ideals, but hankering after the life and the home she left behind.

The Soviet Russia she left after thirteen years was not the one she found in the days of N.E.P. She saw that pass away and witnessed the carrying through of two Five Year Plans. Of the results she is most enthusiastic.

Despite her happiness there she made her way back to England leaving her husband and two boys behind. That decision may cause comment but it was her own and characteristic of an Englishwoman who knows her own mind and is unafraid. Her story is well worth reading.

J. T. MURPHY.

THE STREETS OF LONDON, by
Thomas Burke. *Batsford*. 10s. 6d.

Once again Thomas Burke places all lovers of London in his debt with his latest book. With six hundred years of the city's life he makes a fascinating story. By dividing the book into five sections (each of them more or less self-contained) he is able to give vivid pictures of its salient features from the 14th century onwards.

This is not always pleasant reading; indeed, much of the coarseness and cruelty revolts the modern mind but the mirror is firmly held and reflects street scenes as they were and not

perhaps as we imagine them to have been in those so-called romantic times. That the streets were the playground of the populace is very evident. Much of the discomfort of the homes of the poor provided excuse enough to sally out of doors to view the many processions, religious and otherwise, or to engage in the sterner task of assaulting the often innocent passer by, with at least one eye on the possibility of plunder.

It is difficult to understand why human beings found so much pleasure in the blood sports of the Stuarts—the bear baiting and the like so faithfully chronicled in these pages—or what kind of mind it was that could be happy in a ringside seat to witness the hangings at Tyburn. The victims on their slow journey in open carts from Newgate suffered either the spite or the adulation of the mob. In the former case they would arrive at Tyburn more dead than alive and in the latter, like a returning conqueror fêted with flowers and drunk with ale.

Nor was this coarseness confined to the streets, for of St. Paul's Cathedral we read: "Every kind of business went on in the main walk. Money lenders and marriage brokers met their clients. There horses could be bought, houses could be rented, private chaplains could be hired and assignations made with women through their keepers." In striking contrast to this insensitive-ness towards the house of God is the immediate and generous response of our generation to render the later fabric secure, and the universal concern expressed at the recent bomb damage. Yet running through these pages we detect a latent awareness of the people's rights as citizens: witness the grim

fate of the Bishop of Exeter who, as Edward II's nominee, tried to act as Mayor against their wishes and paid for his rashness with his life.

It took the horror of the Plague to empty (save for the death carts) these streets and the Great Fire which followed to crowd them with fleeing refugees. In lamenting their foresight that they did not design a worthier city, prudence dictates that we should withhold criticism until this generation provides the evidence that its civic sense in rebuilding is greater than its self-interest.

Gradually the growth of commerce and the resultant traffic made huge changes in the character and structure of the streets. Walls were pulled down, gates demolished and men sought new homes outside the city boundaries. The old taverns vanished and famous gardens are now merely commemorated by their names. Among the many changes of custom described some things permanent may be noted: for example, on the conduct of a medical student a hundred years ago the author writes: "He would climb lamp posts and blow out the light. He would paint out the street names. But there was no harm in him. He was just full of cloddish fun." As recently as 1939 medical students could be seen celebrating in London streets by playing football with the metal globe of a Belisha beacon. Mr. Burke's choice story of the hansom cabman's wit can be paralleled a dozen times by that of the licensed motor brigands of to-day. One private car driver at least will never forget the moment recently when he yelled a peremptory enquiry to a cabman across the street. Twice he received no reply but on shouting again, "Hi, you—

Cromwell Road?" he received the unexpected and laconic reply, "Yessir, I believe he did—a horse."

The house of Batsford who published this book is to be congratulated for the excellent illustrations and a couple of especially outstanding coloured plates, while the author may rest assured that his work will rank high among the twenty-thousand-odd books that have been produced about London. This is a thoroughly entertaining and satisfactory work.

HERBERT T. BANYARD.

PREHISTORIC ENGLAND: Grahame Clark. *Batsford*. 8s. 6d.

The "British Heritage Series," which are uniform with this new volume *Prehistoric England*, have already won for themselves a wide and deserved popularity. This book by Mr. Grahame Clark is as good as any of them and should attract a large number of readers. So few people know much of the history of these islands before the coming of the Romans that there is a danger that they may be shy of this volume and consider it a book for the expert. It would be unfortunate if this were so as it is far from the truth; it is not a book *for* the expert (though he will no doubt enjoy it and even learn from it) but it is a book *by* an expert for ordinary readers. Its whole object is to bring before such a reader some conception of the life which was lived in our country in prehistoric times, and it succeeds admirably. The book is not only fortunate in its author whose presentation of information (gathered from much scattered and somewhat rare evidence) is lucid and attractive, but also in the really beautiful illustrations.

There are many more than a hundred of these and they include a number of aerial photographs, a class of illustration which aptly enough is becoming of increasing importance to archæologists.

Mr. Clark in his preface quotes from William Stukeley that "writers on antiquities generally find more difficulty, in so handling the matter, as to render it agreeable to the reader, than in most other subjects." If this is so, he has concealed the difficulty with considerable skill and indeed his subject is "drawn out with such strong lines of verisimilitude . . . that the reader in effect sees them, as in their first age"; he has made a book both delightful to read and simple to understand—how easily it might have been made both difficult and dull!

In dealing with so remote a period the author has wisely made no attempt to keep to what would in any case be a doubtful chronological order, but he has divided his chapters into subjects such as "Dwellings," "Communications," "Hill-Forts," "Burial" and the like. The result is a very full picture of human beings living a life akin to our own, meeting similar problems in a different way.

After a short introductory chapter, "The Food Quest" occupies first place since "Life in prehistoric Britain was moulded more by the exigencies of the food-quest than by any other factor," and we are shown man gathering his food and what he required for his handicrafts, hunting, and fishing. He was not yet conscious that to raise food by farming was the only path to progress and freedom, since only so could man have "some measure of control of his food over and above what is possible

through the storage of wild products." This sounds strangely modern in these days of war when, as in prehistoric times, security can alone be found if the land is itself made to supply a very large part of our food supply. The dependence on "gathered" food in those days is very like our own dependence on food that can be brought in ships.

There are further lessons for us, particularly in the chapter on "handicrafts" at a time when our own race of craftsmen is being rapidly extinguished by the urbanization and industrialism of our day. So, while there is refreshment and recreation in reading this book, it need not be, for those who think, a form of escape unless they wish to make it so; in a short space neither is it possible nor would it be just to attempt to give an outline of a book which has many reasons for appealing to the wide circle of readers which its excellence merits.

J. F. BURNET.

SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE, by Sacheverell Sitwell. *Faber & Faber.* 15s.

"The impossibility of contact blows like a chilly breath upon you," says Mr. Sitwell in his Invocation, and it must be admitted that one follows him sometimes very much as one would follow a will o' the wisp, contact with which is impossible; but as for the chilly breath I am less certain, for Mr. Sitwell is so exuberant that he positively sends out rays of warmth to his pursuers. They are dazzled by his eloquence and when he deigns to write in a less complicated and involved manner they are duly grateful. Not that his meditations

are of the simplest, so that it is asking too much for them to be recorded in words of one syllable.

How well he can write—take, for example, his picture of the Claddagh, the fishing town of Galway. Would that he had devoted to this subject more than his page and a half:

It is the suggestion of a world that is beyond experience, for this is the only hint of its existence and even the shadow of it is to be found nowhere else. . . . Now the Irish, having achieved this independence, have pulled the Claddagh down, building in its place a Nottinghamshire mining village. . . . Out in the bay the Aran Islands . . . are utterly improbable, mere islands of the imagination. Behind, the wonderful mountains roll and break upon the air. But, beyond the islands, there is nothing.

And how picturesquely he can describe the regions he has never seen, such as

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FREDERICK MULLER

West Indian islands and their very variegated population :

A new type has been evolved which is natural to its surroundings. . . . It is born of the winds and waters, and is sister to the flowers and to the exotic blossoms on the branches. In synonym, it is light coffee, or the milk of cocoa, not whipped to a froth and sipped up through a reed, as the feathered Aztecs drank it; nor the soconuses, burnt brown with cinnamon, and only drunk by *grandees* of the court of Spain; but this pale like milk, like moonlight, like the magnolia petal; and like the mule pink, shows its crosses, being fair or pale against the negress, but, in contrast, is the Creole, languid, soft-voiced, the ivory or the almond, if the lights are of the golden North.

Mr. Sitwell is nothing if not encyclopædic. On a later page he treats of men of fashion from a legendary North, Russian officers who after the Peace of 1814 when the Allied armies entered Paris, set up their bivouacs along the Champs Elysees and, in the next year, after Waterloo, London also went cosmopolitan. It is pleasant to have a tribute to the beautiful Place Stanislas of Nancy which, says Mr. Sitwell, is more regular and not less magnificent than the Piazza of St. Mark. He might have mentioned the glimpse into the park wherein stands a group by Rodin. This reference to Nancy is in the section devoted to blind beggars, one of whom, a Pole, like Stanislas Leszeznski, father-in-law of Louis XV, after whom the square was named, had his stand in that place, a tall man with a fair beard and an expression of intense and anguished pity. He was a Jew and Mr. Sitwell came to think of him not as Christ, whom he so much resembled, but as though he was the Wandering Jew who had remained there

until some new dispensation would allow him to go on wandering.

One thing leads to another—it certainly does in this very digressive and entertaining book—and Mr. Sitwell believes that in this fantasy of the beggar, who may have become blinded in a lime kiln, there may well have been some memory of Burke or Hare who turned King's evidence and was released from prison only to be recognized, years later, by his fellow workmen and to be blinded by them in a lime kiln, after which, with a long white beard and sightless eyes—half a century later—he used to beg in Regent Street. There are entire sections of this very full book, for instance that devoted to Johann Strauss, for whom Mr. Sitwell has a profound admiration, on which we are unable to linger. A sophisticated reader will be well advised to furnish himself with this volume.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

ENGLISH SAGA, by Arthur Bryant.

Collins & Eyre and Spottiswoode.
10s. 6d.

Mr. Bryant has a floral mind. His thesis, a plea for the Tory principles as expounded by Disraeli as the only sound basis of reconstruction, is easily understandable. Nor will many be disposed to grumble at his belief in the evils of *laissez-faire* or the sanctification this gave to the profit motive. But Mr. Bryant is unfair, almost wilfully unfair to opponents of Disraeli, of whom he appears in these pages as a devoted admirer. It is difficult to be quite sure how this book should be judged but whether it is as a contribution to political thought, or, as the title suggests, as an account of the

social history of the last 100 years, there is much overstatement. If you can stomach the style, well and good, for there is plenty of meat beneath the dressing. If you cannot you may find it as difficult as this reviewer to extract the goodness from such paragraphs as this :

The old cottage folk of England were very tenacious of the good things of life they had been brought up by their fathers to honour. They liked to keep a bright fire burning on the hearth, choice old china on spotless shelves, smoked fitches of bacon and ham hanging from the ceiling and home-brewed wine to offer their neighbours. They took pride in their mastery of oven and vat ; in their skill in keeping garden ; in raising poultry and bees. Above all they valued the virtues of decent living and good neighbourhood—honesty, truth and purity of word and life.

It is a fair enough example as is : "In Colne and Bolton hands were clenched, teeth set and fearful curses uttered" to describe the beginnings of industrial unrest. A more serious criticism, since Mr. Bryant's style is his own, is the absence of references to the historians. Mr. Bryant would appear to place too much reliance on the one volume, such as *A Frenchman sees the English in the 'Fifties*, for the different chapters of his book.

POSTSCRIPTS, by J. B. Priestley.
Heinemann. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Priestley's *Postscripts* make better reading than many might expect. They repeat the broadcast talks without addition or correction and perhaps because one can read with one's ear attuned, as it were, to Mr. Priestley's voice they lose little of their original flavour. Two Ton Annie and the Ducks emerge with renewed life from the pages. The spirit of Dunkirk is

recaptured ; so, too, is the first impact of those thoughts which so disturbed the complacency of some of Mr. Priestley's listeners. One remembers particularly the attack on the 'property' view of those who had shut their homes and left for America. Mr. Priestley concluded thus : "We're actually changing over from the property view to the sense of community, which simply means that we realize we're all in the same boat. But, and this is the point, that boat can serve not only as our defence against Nazi aggression, but as an ark in which we can all finally land in a better world." Mr. Priestley was constantly pushing this point home. One recalls the salesman, now in the R.A.F. Life, in the air force, said this man, "is one of 'give'

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not one of 'get'." And he declared his intention of never returning to his old life which he described as "the survival of the slickest."

ALICE IN WUNDERGROUND, by Michael Barsley. *Murray*. 2s. 6d.

RITSKRIEG, by Michael Barsley. *Pilot Press*. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Michael Barsley is a comparative new-comer to the ranks of topical commentators in verse, prose and line. He is likely to become widely known and enjoyed. For myself I find some of his verses delightful:

There are time-bombs at the bottom of my garden,
But I'm really not the slightest bit afraid.
There's one that's two days old
(It's a hefty one, I'm told)
And several others left in last night's raid.

The prose I am not so sure about. Mr. Barsley pours out the 'funny-stuff' too fast and not always, I think, of the right vintage. His drawings are uneven. "Thinking Out a New Way Home" on page 22 of *Alice in Wunderground* seems to me, a commuter, admirably funny; others I feel to be ugly. *Alice in Wunderground* is mainly, as Mr. Barsley says, Blits and Pieces, while *Ritskrieg*, as its name suggests, is satire on one section of society.

THE FORTNIGHTLY welcomes two reprints. *Mr. Weston's Good Wine* by T. F. Powys has been reissued by *Chatto and Windus* at 4s. It is now the only edition on the market. *Abinger Harvest*, by E. M. Forster, *Arnold*, 3s. 6d., representing, as it does, Mr. Forster, at his best, is doubly welcome.

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